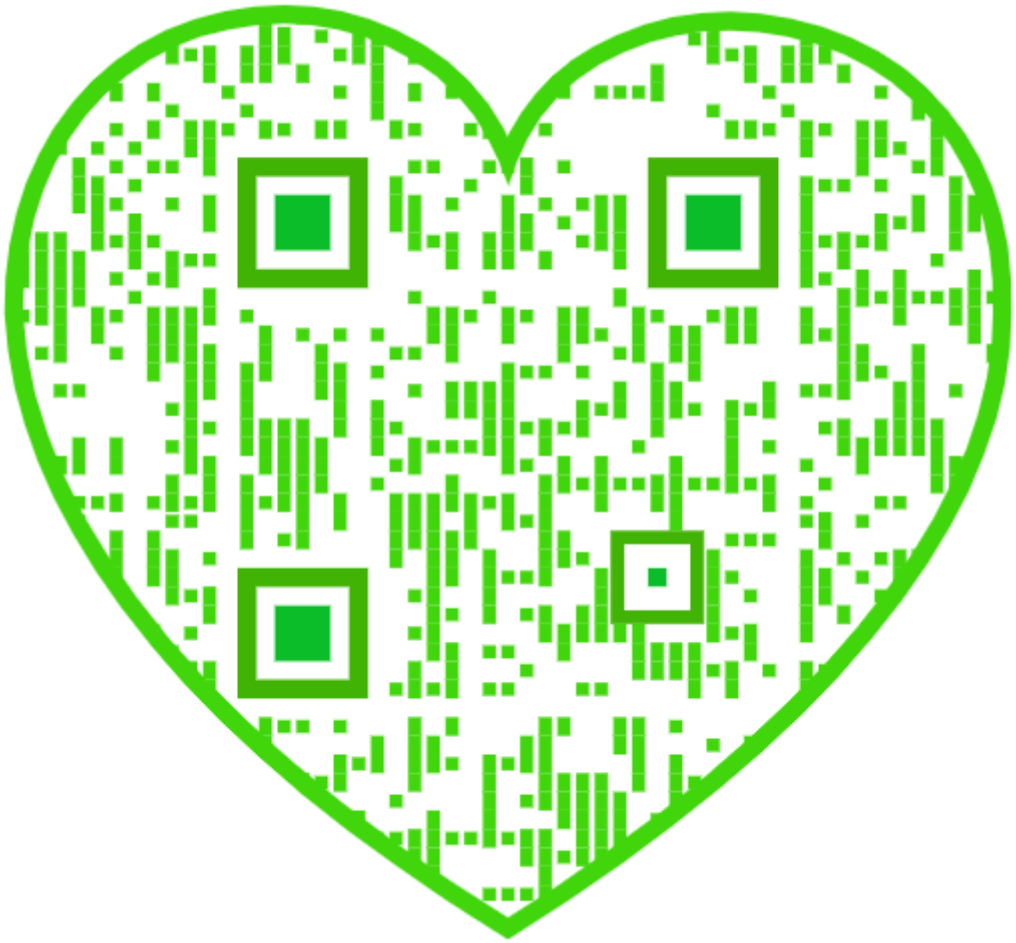
Homespun
Odds & Ends



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Homespun Odds and Ends

By

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Of the Pueblo, Colorado, Bar

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Dedication

It is stereotyped that every book must have a dedicatory page, and the question arises in the words of Juliet, "Was ever book, containing such vile matter, so fairly bound?" I refuse to answer a question which answer might incriminate me, and, therefore, proceed in the orthodox form to say: To my dear wife, Clara H. Collins, this little volume is dedicated.

JOHN A. COLLINS.

Preface

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! every tyro tries his hand at essay writing. To prevent being classified as an "off-color," I deliver unto you these sketches, several of which have been in type before.

Conceding the pages which follow cover soil already tilled, by gentlemen of scholastic attainments and recognized literary ability, and that the subscriber can not point to a single fresh idea—hot from the furnace fire of a genius—yet, I respectfully submit them, trusting you may find a link here and there in the chain binding the auld lang syne to the throbbing realities of to-day, the brighter for my furbishing.

Some of my friends, over-estimating the quality of gray matter under my hat, may look forward to a work from my pen similar to "The Origin of Species," "Fragments of Science," "First Principles," or, "The Riddle

of the Universe." I don't; I did, but find publishers slow to appreciate MS. along such lines—from my stylus.

If you can "screw your courage to the sticking place," read this book to the finis; do so in a Samaritan frame of mind, and with eyes closed to technical criticism. When a lad, with only a few summers to my credit, I was taught to declaim something which contained "view me not with a critic's eye, but pass my imperfections by," *et cetera,* and now, at the age of—O, well, old enough to be serious in craving that the author be enveloped once again in the same mantle of charity; bearing in mind that it is he who is footing the bills, and, also, that this medley would never have been launched save at the solicitation of the only one willing to stultify herself to flatter my vanity by suggesting that these "Odds and Ends" deserved better treatment than lying cooped up in pigeon-holes, and, too, that she had read worse (I can not conceive when or where).

Wherefore, I pray you, being both court and jury, that whatever entertainment you

find or kindly opinion you form by reason of any image presented herein, give the verdict, and enter up judgment in favor of the one above referred to—my dear wife—to whom this little volume is dedicated.

This Queen of my home authorizes me to state she accepts all responsibility, saving and excepting always from these presents, the financial loss—which she feels, by intuition, to be inevitable. Now, isn't that petticoats for you?—cuts across the circle, while I laboriously navigate half the circumference only to find the deficit and her sweet face there, ready to greet me with, "I told you so."

J. A. C.

Pueblo, Colo., A. D. 1902.

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Rural vs. City Life

God made the country,
And man made the town.
—*Cowper: The Task.*

Rural vs. City Life

A voicing of the differences, as seen by the writer, between an existence in a city and living in the country. Using the term *existence,* as applicable to the city, because I believe the ideal life and greatest happiness is found ONLY in the rural district. Here are a limited few of the contrasts.

The city life, with its close air, turmoil, strife, struggle, and noise, to say nothing of its smoke, grime, dingy buildings, want and misery on every side, is a gloomy picture when contrasted with the quiet, peaceful life of the average countryman, breathing pure health-giving atmosphere, and surrounded by such accessories as bleating sheep, lowing herds, bawling calves, cackling hens, squealing pigs, strutting pea-fowls. Then add the graceful swallow, flitting around the gables of an old barn, the returning martin each spring to his haunts of last year; the saucy and pugilistic blue

bird, ever spoiling for a fight; the cock robin and fair jenny wren hopping about the kitchen door picking up stray crumbs; the imitative catbird in the underbrush; the meadow lark or wee "peter soup" on the apex of an old tree, piping away for dear life; the brown thrush in the tanglewood merrily uttering his ever-changing song; the quail whistling in the orchard; the petite and frisky squirrel going from branch to branch with the ease and agility of a sprite; the startled "cotton-tail" scurrying across the stubble; the dainty sunfish, the big goggle-eye and wary black bass sporting in limpid brooks; the springs of sparkling "Adam's ale"—these, and more, objects of pleasure to every healthy mind, are eliminated from the city.

Nature, especially in her virginity, should appeal to and cause every attribute of our being to pulsate with strong determinations to lead and live holy lives.

Even the country church has a peculiarly softening influence when its vesper bell chimes the close of day, and without our own

volition, o'er us steals the sanctity of the moment, filling the soul with a sweet cadence unknown in town.

Reader, better is the sight of the old country road, with its fringe of dog fennel, than the electric tramway, with its polished rails; better the tingling bell on sheep and cow, than the clanging of the street car gong; better the gee-whoa-haw of the plowboy as he follows in the furrow, than the sonorous voice of the street fakir crying his wares; better the old rail fence, with the chipmunks playing in its corners, than the stone coping surmounted with iron barbs; Ay! better too, the tanned-faced, bare-footed school boy, trudging along the dusty road, than the educated idiot, standing on a street corner sucking the end of a cane and lustfully eyeing every woman who passes; better the rustic little maid, with cheek of rosy hue, surrouded with the frills of a gingham sunbonnet, than the pale, sickly, paint-bedaubed lass, with feathers and ribbons piled on *ad nauseam*.

The "poor devil" doomed to live in a metropolis hears from morning until night—then repeat—nothing but quotations on stocks and bonds, rates of freight, the disgusting drivel of ward politicians, the latest fashions, vile gossip and low innuendoes concerning our neighbors, while last, and by far the most important, the struggle between capital and labor trying to find the "happy medium."

How refreshing it would be for us all to listen to a knot of farmers discussing the prospects of a change in the weather, the condition of this field of oats or that field of corn, the prospects of an early or late harvest, of threshing wheat, mowing hay, cutting corn or gathering apples.

In the congested centers it is push, pull, bustle, strife and commotion the year round. We use the same calendar, yet our count of time is by months, by name. No seasons of spring, summer, autumn and winter seem to belong to us. The city, with its sky-scraping buildings, cloud-reaching smoke stacks, hard pavements, care-worn men, women and chil-

dren, with grinding, exacting business obligations, has no time to recognize the four divisions made by the relation of old Sol to earth. Constantly before us is the demon (not God) Mammon, urging on the grasping, grabbing, cheating, swindling after the "almighty dollar."

How different in the country! The seasons come in regular order and take on their various garbs to please the senses, giving each twelvemonth a four-act drama symbolic of the life of man, most carefully portrayed and more easily comprehended than has yet left the brush of the artist or pen of the poet.

Spring in its freshness, clothed in velvety green, indicates youth. Likewise nature in the opening bud, enlarging leaf, rippling brook, dainty wild flowers magic-like springing into life, the new born lamb, the tiny featherless bird peeping from its nest, the atmosphere charged with perfumed, invigorating and stimulating properties, the April freshets carrying recuperating tonic for vegetation and filling the mill race, wheels begin

to revolve, grist to grind, while the water goes giggling joyously on to the next mill site—all, all say youth is with us.

Verily, we lose these things in our municipalities, but with such environments found in the rural community man intuitively feels that this is demonstrative of youth, and, like the horse in Job, "he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength." Anon summer comes to both city and country. To the former, however, merely by name. We know the months, June, July, August, better; and with them the same old grind, only worse in its weariness, as depicted on the faces of tired humanity; the heat intense and made more oppressive by the furnace-reflecting sidewalks and buildings, while misery is nurtured by the foul odor in the wake of the sprinkling cart as it arises charged with germs of disease and death. At this time how we pant in office, store and shop for a surcease of drudgery; but alas! like the Wandering Jew, we are urged on and on, no time for rest, no time for recreation.

Turn our picture, and it produces the golden harvest to gladden the eye, droning beetle and buzzing bee to quiet the nerves, the old oaken bucket to quench our thirst; the prospects are good, the heart made glad in seeing nature steadily, surely filling out the ear, ripening the fruit and bringing all to a perfect fruition. Thus the true man finds in summer the second act in the drama of life, his maturing manhood, known as his prime, and longs for the field and wood, saying:

"Give me, indulgent gods; with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate or servile grandeur there."

This season culminates and the curtain goes up on Act 3, the richest period ere the turning point to old age and decrepitude. So the year comes apace, and do we find relief in the autumn, we who live in the city? Yes, some, not much tho', can be expressed in one

sentence, "glad the warm weather is over;" that is all. Again we are aware that September is here, to be followed by October and November. No beauties of an autumnal season await the man who is city born, bred and whose home is bounded by corporate limits. With him it is the same old office, shop or store, the same old buildings, the same old smoke, the same hubbub and clatter, the same general appearances and line of business engagements.

How diverse is the condition in the country—the garnered grain standing in shock, sheaf and stack; the blueberry, blackberry and wild grape inviting us to pick them; the orchards hanging heavy with ripe, luscious fruit; the bright, crisp mornings; the farm wagon at the door ready to take us to the long awaited county fair, where all will be dressed in gala day attire and we behold apples, jams, pumpkins, cows, sheep, mules, horses, colts, whirligigs galore, and find all manner of home products presided over by matronly dames and blushing misses. Further, in lieu of a scrawny tree here and there

along a gutter, as in town, we have the variegated foliage of the forest tinted in delicate hues which all the Raphaels, Tintorettos, Millets and DuMauriers of the world have been unable to fasten on canvas; here is the crimson sumach, the dogwood with red berry and maroon leaf, the maple shedding its broad yellow ornaments, the scarlet covering of the gum fluttering to the ground, while the majestic oak—king of the wood—drops one by one of his particolored leaves to protect his mother from the cold blasts of winter. True, this is man's third great moment—the results of his efforts materialized; and as the autumn shows the garnered grain and gathered fruit, so ought man at this season have fought the fight, kept the faith and continue strong until his winter shall dawn.

Permit me to reiterate, the city affords nothing comparable to the country in the fall of the year. In the wood we again see our festive little companion of spring—the squirrel—jumping and skipping here and there, gathering his stores until his puny jaws look like unto bursting; also, our friend "Bob-

White" comes along strutting at the head of his own family, accompanied by those of his sisters, his cousins and his aunts, amazing us by the multitude of his relatives. At this season the country lad and lassie start down the lane, over the meadow, across the field and through the wood to "deestrict skule;" a glad sight, and what is most gratifying, we know they will have a training which will be sound and solid, for from the precincts of the country school have come many of the best, truest, bravest and most eminent men of this republic. We are confronted with the amusements for the long evenings commencing in both city and country, and in these find greater and more disparaging factors against the town.

The city offers the saloon, with all its damning characteristics, to body and soul; the gambling hells, with their inducement to theft and other crimes; the gaudy theatre with its maudling sentimentalities and suggestive licentiousness; the society ball room, with its low-necked gowns, mazy waltzes, its fetid atmosphere, surcharged with suffo-

cating odors of vile perfumes and its seductive tendency to immorality.

The country, on the other hand, spreads before us the quilting and spelling bee; the hill and dale, over which tread huntsmen, with dog and gun ever on the alert to bag a rabbit or decimate the wood-grouse or partridge; the corn shucking and barn warming, to wind up with an old-fashioned, soul-stirring Virginia reel, while the fiddler, perched on a barrel, manger or hayrack, sings out: Salute your partner; balance all; swing, and so on until the figures have been called. Such are innocent and harmless pleasures, leaving no sting. So we could go on *ad infinitum,* giving the various distinctions between city and hamlet, but in the cycles of time such pleasures must end and we are forced to confess our hair grows gray, our steps falter and the elasticity of yore is gone. Our winter is upon us as surely as the winter season follows the autumn.

In the city we realize December, January and February have arrived according to schedule. What changes do they bring?

Among a few, we see the beautiful snow gently fall, soon to suffer from soot and dirt —it is uninviting—the streets from incessant travel slushy and disagreeable, the pavements glassy with ice, dangerous to life and limb, the eaves of our houses a menace with their hanging icicles, our coal is filthy to handle, it ruins our rugs, furniture and hangings, fills our rooms with sulphurous smoke; our steam and hot air apparatus causes headache and lassitude. Still, being harassed with the same business cares, we are worn out and filled with pain.

Here, as at all times, the country can give you "cards and spades and win the game;" it projects on the vision a landscape clothed in a mantle of purest white, covering all decay and preparing the earth for a renewal of life—another spring—indicative of the new birth of the immortal soul—the awakening in newness and freshness which to our finite minds is incomprehensible.

This fourth season of nature and last period of man is lovely to contemplate in the country, with the outside world immaculate

in its dress and quiet in its movements. We see the white-headed rustic sitting by his cheerful, crackling fire of oak, hickory or beech, watching the dying embers as in meditation he feels he too must pass away like the fire on his hearth, yet, with no tinge of regret for lost opportunities, wasted time or sinful pleasures, having, by reason of his close and constant contact with nature, kept his heart pure and spotless. He gives up his earthly home for a celestial mansion. No need of this man asking "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?"

In the opinion of the writer thousands are making the mistake of their lives in flocking to the city. It is true all can not hold the plow, raise cattle, all be village blacksmiths, cross-road wheelwrights, millers and farm hands, but I maintain there are thousands who can and have ruthlessly thrown away their privilege and continue to trample under foot the glories of God as manifested on the farm, in the wood and rural districts generally; have cast to the winds its purity of thought, innocent pleasures, healthful at-

mosphere, ever-changing scenery, and, best of all, its power to produce strong physiques, well-balanced intellects and clear consciences.

The prodigals are many, and should return to the life where they can hear the old dinner horn, see the old well crane swing up and down, follow the meandering of the old worm fence, attend the country meeting house, and, like we read in the story book, "Live happy ever afterward."

A Boy and His Dog

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy again?

—Byron: Ch. Harold.

A Boy and His Dog

A boy and his dog are about the happiest pair of animals extant, and the free-masonry existing between them belongs to a higher degree than the adult is permitted to take in the Order.

I dare say, if the truth was known, the beautiful story of Damon and Pythias found its origin in the friendship and co-partnership of the urchin and his canine.

By foreordination a boy selects this four-footed playfellow as his right bower in the game of childhood, and, with apologies to the marriage ceremony injunction of "what therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," you would be safer in tickling the flank of a mule than in disobeying said command by trying to part this twain. Any interference or threatening attitude toward the boy will be resented by the dog fastening his fangs in your flesh, or, should you insult his pup, the head of the

firm will "jump your frame" ere you can say "Jack Robinson."

The most prominent characteristic of this alliance is that the more measly the breed of cur the closer the bond of fellowship and communion.

The grief and desire for revenge of Sir Kenneth—the Knight of the Leopard—when he found his *alan* hound Roswal weltering in his own blood, shed in defense of King Richard's English standard, you commend. Then do not ignore or condemn the street gamin when you witness his little soul well up and exhibit the same passions, because some burly ruffian has kicked his little "pard" into the gutter. The boy, in his manifestation of grief and anger, is teaching the noble lesson we should all learn, to wit, to champion the cause of the weak and unoffending against the unbridled brutality of the strong.

Our boy knows by heart all the stories about lives being saved in the dangerous Alpine passes by dogs sent from the mountain monasteries, and how the famous St. Ber-

nard dog Barry had forty rescues to his credit when old age called him to account, and that now his stuffed skin occupies a place of honor in the Berne museum. Yet he believes his Carlo would have accomplished the same things if the opportunity had been his.

You relate to him the fate of Gelert, Llewellyn's faithful dog, and his childish imagination conjures up his Carlo covered with wounds received in defending the babe, but you will never get him to admit that he would have pierced his dog through and through without first a careful examination, and would then have been saved the remorse. Small use has he for Llewellyn's hasty temper.

Your son is ready at any time to prove his dog a better trick dog than Merrylegs of Sleary's Circus, mentioned in Mr. Dickens' "Hard Times;" and so on down the list.

Tired out with rollicking, your bairn crawls up on your knee, with frowzy head and warm, moist hands—smelling of dog—and awaits his evening story; gives rapt at-

tention to the wanderings of Ulysses—of how he outwitted Circe, outgeneraled the Cyclop, passed the Sirens safely, and all his adventures on his homeward journey—including the narrative of how, when Ulysses finally got back, neither his old herdsman Eumaeus, his son Telemachus or his good wife Penelope recognized him, but his old dog Argus, being no such dullard, knew his master instantly, though the separation had been twenty years. Is it any wonder the listening child feels that his side partner—stretched out before the fire—would never forget him either, though centuries intervened? Is it any wonder, I ask, to have him slide down from your lap and put his tiny arms around the neck of his mangy cur, and, while clustering curls and dog hair intertwine, hear him talk in caressing terms to his pet? It is true you do not understand the occult lingo, but the dog does, and answers with a telegraphic code of dots and dashes, made by his tail striking the floor.

Should you have a desire to expostulate, or endeavor to convince him that his dog is

a mongrel, and could by no possibility possess the intelligence ascribed to the thoroughbred, pedigree breed, *don't do it.* You may find it act not unlike a boomerang, and a judicial mind would indorse "People who live in glass houses should never throw stones."

How we vaunt our American type among the races of men. Yet, take the average American (blue-blood if you will), trace his family tree to find his nationality, and I am fearful, when you jot down the *potpourri* of countries and breed which go into the composition of your blood and traits of character, *the scrub dog will win out on points.*

We, then, must give over our position as untenable, that the Americans of this century are the brainiest, strongest and most progressive race on earth, by virtue of an unmixed stock, or give the mongrel cur credit for not being the worse because of his combination of breeds.

I pause at this point, my reader, to say the foregoing has no application to you. *You* are known to have but one unalloyed

blood flowing in your veins. However, take my advice and let the statement go at that. Do not meddle with who your forefathers were, or where they came from. Attempt not to trace your genealogy, or the blue-blooded Ego may lose its identity. For should you have a notion that a mongrel race ought to be wiped off the map, I give you fair warning, a Damoclesian sword is suspended above your head, and by looking up your pedigree there is serious danger of the hair parting. A word to the wise is sufficient. Our boy, in his unclouded vision, has unbounded confidence in the intelligence, courage and faithfulness of his dog, and sees no reason why the admixture and crosses should lessen his worth.

The writer has all confidence in the American stock, and neither does he see how or why a blush could be dragged forth, owing to the combining of Irish and Scotch, German and French, English and Dutch, or any other combination which goes to produce the new race of Americans—a race with a record unsurpassed in the annals of the

world in all that is great, and hardly equaled in anything by which mankind is elevated; a race commencing an independent career less than four generations ago, to-day has recognition as a world power; in years a babe; in all that calls for respect in maritime, commercial, intellectual or other circle entering into the economy of international affairs, a giant.

The individual mongrel, as a part of the whole of this mixed breed American nation, can feel proud of being a member of such a commonwealth, and know it is his country, which unfurled and upholds the Stars and Stripes, an emblem loved at home and known and respected by every civilized community on the globe.

We, my reader, are "IT," in large letters, and when the eagle sets up a scream and stretches his pinions you can see the protege of king, queen, czar, emperor and other potentate "take to the woods."

A boy who doesn't go 'round whistling, with both hands in his pockets, utterly trifling, leaving confusion in his train of balls,

bats, marbles, kite string, tops and toys, always losing his knife and whining for another, will never live long enough to vote. The good little boys we read of in Sunday school books all died in infancy; at least, the author never saw one "alive and kicking." I cite you Mark Twain's good little boy's exit from this mundane sphere as the last of his race.

Trot out the boy who gets into mischief with his dog, and who is willing to tackle another boy *a la Fitzsimmons* and does it fairly —not sneakingly—and I will show you a "chip" who will be found ready to meet the exigencies of the strenuous life advocated by our president.

On the glorious Fourth the dog, after the first gun has been fired, goes in *retreat.* The "phool" boy continues loafing around where "bums" are firing the infernal dynamite bombs, supported by light artillery of firecrackers, cap pistols, torpedoes and sizzers, until he, too, is forced in *retreat* for repairs —to his body, not his soul. God bless his pure, innocent little heart. It is larger and

contains more unadulterated goodness and love to the square inch than can be estimated by those who are older and filled with sin and repentance. While the odor of arnica, witch hazel and castile soap permeates the premises, you study the form of your darling as he lies on his uneasy pallet, swathed in bandages, and meditate on the import of Independence Day, and what a travesty this maiming and death-dealing method of celebrating the anniversary of 1776 is.

What has become of the time-honored reading of the constitution, singing of patriotic songs, basket picnics, spread-eagle orations from clergy, bench and bar?

The dog will mope and lament the absence of his "pard" on circus day, but the boy can't help it. He is drawn in the wake of the elephant like the children by the charm of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. By instinct he can scent a circus weeks ahead, and, while he does not intend to violate the partnership agreement, yet on this day he gives poor Carlo a cold shoulder. Don't you remember when you were in knee pants, and wore cop-

per-toed boots with red tops, how the gilded cages were a lodestone, drawing you along as steadily as the spotted and dappled horses drew the vans? How delicious the screechy notes from the calliope sounded to your untrained ear, and how soft and luxurious the seats seemed as you drank in the performance! You certainly remember the size of the spangles—larger than silver dollars then—and how the cracked voice of the clown filled the tent with notes sweeter than Patti's, and how his idiotic antics caused you to howl with glee. Then the actresses were all fairies, the acrobats all boneless, and the lion-tamer a sure-enough Daniel one minute and a Samson the next. Don't you remember how you forgot heaven and earth in the glitter of gold braid, prancing steeds, lively music, flying rings, Japanese equilibrists, performing elephants, trick donkeys, high diving, pageant of nations, chariot, Roman standing, and hurdle races? If you remember these things, it is my excuse for the boy forgetting for one day his dog.

Sooner or later our boy will shed briny tears over his dead dog, and heavy will be his little heart to think of no more romps with his woolly friend, no more hitching him up to go-carts, no more chasing sticks, stones and the neighbors' chickens, no more comradeship. Do not chide him for giving way to grief; rather put your loving arms around the sorrowing little fellow, fold him close to your bosom and soothe the wound by reciting how you passed through the same shadow at his age, aye, even later years found you bending over your best coon dog or fox hound, or it may have been your cocker, pointer, Gordon setter, or, was it just a friendly old dog that had welcomed you home for years? At any rate, let memory call up the time when *your* dog lay dead at your feet and how a huge lump stuck in your throat, because the inanimate pile before you would never again respond to your whistle and come barking and bounding to meet you, would never again wag his tail in joy at the sound of your voice, and how for many days afterwards there was a feeling of lonesomeness akin to

a death in the family in and about the old homestead. Of course you will hug your boy and try to alleviate this, his first real sorrow.

Taking everything into consideration, let us in the future give the boy honor for holding fast to his opinions concerning his mongrel and give the dog credit for not being valueless for want of a certified pedigree. Right here, off goes my hat to the boy and his dog.

Chirps Concerning the Cricket

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
—J. Howard Payne: Home, Sweet Home.

Chirps Concerning the Cricket

Home is now, ever has been and always will be the most precious and most vital study in which mankind can indulge. The intensity of its significance can not be measured by any standard other than the highest one reached by home itself; that standard, then, furnishing the starting point for greater development and grander achievements, as a more exalted plane, is ever being sought. Its value as the cradle of everything God-like and pure grows upon civilized man from generation to generation; solidity of nations, good citizenship, devout lives and his Walhalla itself, find here their birth,—

"And thus I say there is heaven here
As well as the world above,
In a home with beings that we hold dear,
A home that is blessed by love."

I am heartily in sympathy with the recreation afforded by the commingling of mem-

bers of any community. It is right; it is necessary; it is essential to bring out the best in man; it prevents stagnation and keeps the individual from becoming narrow and contracted. I do, however, deplore the undue proportion of life allotted to clubs, pink teas, thimble, high-five, progressive euchre and whist parties, which, in their excess, are precluding the fireside from its full quota of our time. The preference given to these things calls forth my protest—not that I love society less, but that I love home more. All are cognizant that club and society life has invaded, disintegrated and sapped the vitality of many homes by taking away its mistress, in others its lord, but, thank God, the craze has about reached its zenith, and common sense, sitting in the saddle, will direct future movements of these fads and keep them in legitimate channels. Of course, some poor, deluded members will continue to circle around and around, like a moth around a candle, sooner or later to get singed, fall and die. With impressions of this character running through my brain,

Chirps Concerning the Cricket leave my pen; hoping vistas other than social functions and club meets may find a responsive chord.

Intellect is ever using animate, inanimate, material and immaterial objects and figures of speech as mediums for values of comparison or for the purpose of explaining and illustrating the theme under consideration.

Some men—like Mr. Ruskin, for example—have the faculty of causing stones to divulge hidden truths, different forms of architecture to reveal history, and find sermons and lessons in almost everything with which they come in contact.

In fact, all men, in a measure, continuously utilize metaphors and various sorts of subjects as prefigurations, culling therefrom ideas and conceptions of life, to the end that the same may be understood in a larger degree. Every art store has its pictures, medallions, statuettes and bronzes, emblematic of life, and the different types used are legion. So, in a symbolic sense, I use the cricket as a factor in the home.

The merry note of a cricket on the warm hearth as productive of domestic tranquillity, a harbinger of happiness, a breeder of contentment, and a precursor of good luck, also, as a foe to evil thought and discord, has been told in song and story from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The time was when these beautiful attributes of this hearthstone minstrel were implicitly believed in and nurtured by many as veritable facts. We, however, have in our day and generation grown so wise (in our own conceit) that we scorn and scout all such, asserting, in our superior wisdom (?), that they should be relegated to the kindergarten branch of society as fairy tales, to be related only by superstitious old women to very young children, not being of sufficient moment to attract the attention of the sages now occupying the earth and the fullness thereof.

Yet, strange to say, with all our skepticism, the chirping and fiddling of these fireside *penates* do not displease us, neither do

they jar upon our nerves; rather do we feel, when distressed and weary, a soothing solace and sympathy steal over us, bringing comfort, while memories of pleasant by-gone days arise, phoenix-like, demonstrating that the good still appeals to our better nature. The inevitable result being to relieve the weary mind and sustain the sinking heart from the cares and worries of the hour. Wherefore, I opine the old women had some truth inculcated in their version concerning this violinist.

One who reads "The Cricket on the Hearth," by Mr. Dickens, closes the book with a fellow feeling for all mankind, tinctured with admiration and respect for the tiny coal-black fiddler who could use his musical talent to such excellent purpose in bringing perfect harmony, saturated with love, into the lives of all who heard and heeded his sonatas, harmonics, oratorios and anthems.

To-day, in the homes of the German peasant and English farmer, Mr. Cricket has full sway, and is a privileged individual, with

the inherent prerogative to manipulate the home according to his own views on the subject, and his success in that line has yet to be questioned. This sketch does not contend that we should literally follow the precedent set by either Germany or England; still, in a figurative light, the cricket may be made "cock of the walk" to our advantage if we generously apply the lesson these countries teach.

By taking one of these little musicians into our lives we can experience all and more than he stands for in the legends of old, and many spectres will—unlike Banquo's ghost—down at our bidding. The assertion is here made, if we desire or expect to amount to a "Billy-be-continental" in the world, we need a great, fat, jolly cricket.

The lovely characteristics which the cricket typifies, in the stories told us in our callow days, can be materialized and made manifest if we will it. The ingredients are an inheritance from the Ruler of the Universe, and every household has in its power the ability to compound a first-class pedi-

greed specimen as follows: Take of each one part, to wit: love, cheerful disposition, kind words, pleasant faces, consideration for others; thoroughly triturate, dilute with patience, wrap in a cover of charity, and you have a cricket which is the open sesame to happiness; you will have the kernel, the old woman who told the legend, the shell; you hold the substance, she the shadow. Thus can the myth be verified and the cricket made a living reality and home be found more desirable and attractive than any other resort.

Burns wrote, "Man was made to mourn," and Job said, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Both statements are probably correct. For every ailment there is, however, a remedy. We have evolved out of ourselves a panacea in the manufacture of our thoroughbred cricket, and so long as we do not stint or starve him, he will be lively, cheerful and helpful, causing the rays of God's smile to be with us just exactly twenty-four hours each day.

The cricket has always been installed at the fireside, in the family, and thus it should

be, because, as before stated, from the home every quality of worth emanates; from that center radiations for weal are sent throughout the universe.

Reputation is what people say concerning us; character is what we really are. A cricket snugly ensconced in your home assists in building character, and one of the most elevated kind, a type suggesting the perfect man, and will cause you to appreciate your duty to God; duty to your fellow-man; duty to family and duty to self. In the domestic circle he can be, and is, of the greatest service; here his friendship is most potent; therefore, when you get one to take up his habitation with you, give him a *carte blanche* —let him have the premises unhampered by any whims you may have of how things should be run.

Having done so, listen; you can hear him merrily singing and fiddling to cheer you up "when down in the mouth"—when the way seems dark and all things gone awry. With his fairy-like ditties he calls to mind brighter moments, drives away gloomy phantoms;

you shake off your forebodings and look out into the limitless future with strength to contemplate the morrow. At such periods this little friend and gentleman, with his siren notes, comes to the rescue like the life boat to the struggling mariner, wafting us to a haven of rest, safety and peace.

When you go home fatigued, sore and depressed, ere you pull the latch string hearken to your cricket, follow closely his teachings, and with his advice ringing in your ears, open the door; greet your wife with a kind word, a pleasant countenance; extend to her your hand as you did when you plighted your troth,—she deserves it more now than then. Your life's partner can get tired, broken down and nervous, as *well as you.* Remember, she has her aggravations, trials, disappointments and cares as *well as you.* And forget not that she is confined to the narrow limits of a few square feet, cut off by her duties from the great throbbing outside, while you, on the other hand, are out in the busy whirl of the world, brushing against all conditions of society, with a thousand and

one incidents to break the monotony and change the current of your thought. Be ready to discuss her petty annoyances, as though you had an interest in her existence; call up, if you wish, the hard day you have passed, but say something to let her know her day's anxieties are appreciated, thereby knitting a bond of sympathy between you. Do not growl about every trifle; treat her as you did when she was your sweetheart. Indeed, she has a right to such treatment. Say a word of cheer to each member of your family; if you are naturally a Mr. Hyde down town, at least be a Dr. Jekyll at home; act toward them as though they had a place in your affections, and if you are not repaid tenfold for every effort to be pleasing, agreeable and considerate, the whole plan for the redemption of the human race is a failure.

Often we sing, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." True; but permit me to tell you, be it ever so magnificent, without our brand of cricket, you have no home. The place where you eat and sleep and to which you go when you have no place else to go,

has no more resemblance to the thought conveyed in that song than the tepee of the Indian or the tents of the wandering tribes of Israel.

HOME, in its larger meaning, is made so by reciprocity of interest in each other, as prompted by your cricket; it is not one affable outburst, one strenuous endeavor to be agreeable now and then; it is the constant, accumulating aggregate of amenities which produce the ideal home and leaves the imprint of nobility.

This is as surely true, as it is, that the drop after drop of water will eventually wear away a block of adamant.

Give ear! Our cricket is performing his share of the work, and is as happy as a clam on the beach. Your family is somewhat surprised at the change in your manner, but brother, notice how the light comes to your wife's eye; how her face brightens, yea, even the wrinkles relax their grip; say! you are playing a winning hand and nothing on earth can prevent your dwelling place becoming a home, and all the term implies; do you not

see the lamp emits a clearer ray, supper tastes better, the air seems purer, and, to cap it all, you have made your wife happier than she has been since the day you led her to the altar; indeed, both of you feel very near to each other; you feel blithe and young, and behold the dawn of halcyon days. The smile you see flitting around the mouth and lips which you once so fervently kissed in auld lang syne, now tempt you to revert once again to that delight. Great Scott! your cricket caught you, and is so overjoyed he is yelling his roundelay at the top of his lungs, and skipping around the room with a vigor that would shame the performances of an East India snake dancer.

During his hilarious actions, you and yours have entered into a new existence; the vexations of the day are forgotten, your mind is unclouded, and you see life is not as sombre and dreary as you surmised. Thanks to your cricket, the silver lining is brilliant, and the bow of promise sends scintillating to-morrows revealing many gems in store for you and yours. It is not difficult for you to

realize that you have found the elixir of life in this cricket you have housed; undoubtedly he is a wizard and has finally gotten you on the main line—a smooth track, right of way, with your hand on the throttle and a full head of steam; now pull her wide open and "bon voyage to Arcadia."

We are, taken as a whole, a blessed lot in not having been born with a silver spoon in our mouth, by reason of which circumstance, in the language of the street gamin, we are forced to "get a hustle on ourselves" to make both ends meet. In this exertion we are doubly fortunate, owing to the fund of information we gather, the broader experiences we have, the grander conceptions of life, and the richer view we secure into the great beyond by virtue of this contact with our fellow-man in his struggles. Our lives become softened, and, intuitively, we cling closer to the teachings of the Lowly Nazarene, who is, after all is said and done, the Author of our cricket, which is the blood of the marriage covenant on door post and lintel—the angel of death

to domestic bliss will as surely Pass-over, as in the days of Moses and Pharaoh.

The pessimist and misanthrope will glibly inform you that all herein printed is fol-de-rol, a jargon of words, a confused and perverted notion, emanating from a diseased mind; that the conditions attempted to be portrayed in these pages never did and never can exist. Reader, such a home can and will exist, if you rear its superstructure upon the foundation intimated in the potentiality of a cricket; when you do this, its apex will be above the clouds of business worries, financial losses and discontent; you will no longer be like a ship at sea without a rudder, cast hither and thither by the storms of adversity, but will have a port in which to sail your barque of life, a refuge sure and steadfast—a foretaste of paradise; and, further, all mankind with whom you associate and mingle will be a debtor for the existence of a sprightly, cheerful cricket on your hearth.

What a glorious legacy for posterity if every man could say, without a blush, I have

a cricket so big, jolly, fat, sleek and lazy he does nothing but lounge around basking in the light of a happy home and fiddles without cessation.

Value of Books and Reading

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use."
—Denham: Of Prudence.

Value of Books and Reading

The artist Millet painted the figure of a man leaning on a hoe handle, lower jaw drooped, retreating forehead, eyes and countenance wanting the spark of intellectuality; the whole general effect of the painting conveying the impression of a human being but one remove from the brute creation.

Mr. Markham, upon seeing this picture, wrote his poem, "The Man With the Hoe," in which he says, among other things:

"Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world."

The painting is supposed to represent a type of French peasants. The poem is intended to portray a class as existing in all parts of the world, and Mr. Markham goes on to ask:

"Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not, and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?"

holding society responsible for this man's depravity.

Forsooth, the painting and poem may be founded on fact, but neither would have been born had the units of mankind taken advantage of the product of Gutenberg's invention —the printing press.

Herr Gutenberg was not only one of the benefactors of humanity, but stands preeminently the greatest the world has produced since Christ ascended Mount Calvary. His invention made it possible for every man who reads to annihilate distance, regulate the wheels of time and call up for companions those in whose society he desires to be.

He who reads much, enjoys varied and thrilling experiences, becomes an up-to-date globe trotter, flitting o'er land and sea, witnessing remarkable events; journeys among

heavenly bodies beholding wondrous things; examines the craters of the moon's extinct volcanoes, christens her mountains and takes their altitude; names the seas on Mars, and is now interested in solving the query of whether or not Mars is trying to signal our own planet; passes judgment on the belts of Jupiter, counts his satellites and scrutinizes the rings of Saturn, takes a general invoice of the planetary system, and, after listening to the music of the spheres, in the twinkle of an eye, pulls forth a work on geology and mineralogy, goes delving deep in mother earth, separates the different strata, furnishes evidence as to the age of each formation, classifies the fossils and flora of the antediluvian world, and ante-dates the dawn of the human race. Verily, all things minister to him; he is equipped with an abundant store of knowledge and secures a marvelous insight into things terrestrial and things celestial. No Ultima Thule enters into his calculations, and wisdom ought to follow in its wake. If it does not, it is no fault of Gutenberg's legacy. The printing press is turn-

ing out works of history, biography, science, fiction and poetry at prices within the reach of everyone, and places at their disposal the best literature of all ages. Too, hardly a village can be found wherein does not exist either a free or circulating library, leaving no excuse for anybody to remain in ignorance and darkness.

It is a privilege, yea, more, it is the duty of everyone to read and post himself or herself on past and current happenings, and absorb information from those who have devoted the energies of their lives preparing a ripe harvest, that we might reap.

The Achilles heel of the masses is a nondesire to read.

Literature, in its largest sense, is as broad as human thought is diversified, and as deep as the ingenuity of the immortal mind in its ramifications in search of truth.

The field is too extensive to more than scan a fractional part, albeit that fraction will open great mines of wealth.

It has been said, "Beware of the man of one book," upon the theory that he has thor-

oughly mastered his subject, and will be too much for you in argument. I also say, "Beware of the man of one book," but upon the basis that he will bore you to death; he will have but one hobby, and will be found a general nuisance to have around. I respectfully suggest that your reading be cosmopolitan; browse over all territories and cull from all sources; even though you may not be an authority on any specific subject, yet, you will be in possession of a vast fund of facts and interesting incidents. "Be all things to all men," and you will get more from your investigation than the bookworm who bores into but one tome, never knowing the color or taste of other paper.

The best and most satisfactory plan is to own your own books; secure one at a time if you can do no more, then add to your collection as you can afford it, and soon you will find a respectable sized library at your service. Being your own, every volume will be a friend and comrade, by virtue of personal ownership, of greater value and always at hand for immediate consultation. Thus you

acquire for your edification and entertainment some of the brightest intellects of all periods, ready to hold converse with you in the quiet of your home, upon any theme then uppermost in your mind.

The man who possesses books and takes an interest in them, need never have the "dumps;" never be under the baleful influence of ennui and never be without pleasant associates.

He can survey every phase of society, talk with men from all walks in life, have pass in review all people, countries and phenomena. He can travel over the eastern hemisphere with Herodotus centuries before the Christian era, read a queer detailed statement concerning a race of pigmies in Africa, afterwards consult Mr. Stanley and find that he too saw the descendants of this same race of lilliputians; can go on through the "dark continent" with him in search of that noble missionary, Dr. Livingstone; beat the brush for wild game, take note of the various barbarous tribes, and, getting acquainted with the deserts, lakes, rivers and dense forests,

can decide to stalk deer, encounter lions and tigers, dig pits and adjust deadfalls for the elephant, hippopotamus and rhinoceros with Mungo Park or Paul du Chaillu, can eat and sleep with Kaffir, Hottentot and Zulu; with no hiatus in action, he may jump from the tropical sun and burning sands of the Sahara to the icebergs of the polar seas and be with Sir John Franklin, Kane, Peary and Nansen, be entranced with the magnificence of the northern lights, go rattling over the snow and ice behind a team of Esquimaux dogs, catch seals, kill walruses, spear fish, harpoon whales, freeze blubber, and, as a side issue, tackle a polar bear. Like Peter Schlemihl or Frankenstein's monster, be found anywhere, everywhere. He can return from battling with hunger, cold and hardships of the frigid zone to pick up an account of how Napoleon flashed across the political firmament of Europe, see him overthrow and reinstate rulers, topple thrones, make and unmake kingdoms and principalities, hear him give commands at Marengo, Austerlitz, Arcola and Lodi, join in his retreat from

Russia, stand on an eminence overlooking Waterloo, and see go down under the terrible war god, Mars, one of the most illustrious generals ever projected on the historical canvas of the world; follow him to St. Helena, and, while the Corsican sits in dejection on the solitary rock, hear Lord Byron tuning his harp to

"'Tis done—but yesterday a king!
And arm'd with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing,
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones?
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones?
And can he thus survive?
* * * * * * * * *
The desolater desolate, the victor overthrown;
The arbiter of others' fate a suppliant for his own"—

and ere the sound dies away find Byron himself, forsaken by wife and child, pleading in anguish his personal affliction in plaintive notes of

"Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

* * * * * * * * *

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!'
Though his care she must forego?

* * * * * * * * *

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted—
More than this, I scarce can die."

He who reads can take the hand of Mr. Bancroft, follow the development of our own United States of America, listen to Mr. Irving relate the life story of Columbus and Washington and the part they played in American history; junket with the same author through the West and Northwest while the Indian, buffalo and trapper were still in their heyday, which is told in his inimitable style; call to his aid Mr. Cooper, with his

"Leather Stocking Tales," and compare the early life of the East with that of the West; go down to Mexico with Prescott and follow him on to Peru, note the Spaniards' perfidy with Montezuma under Cortez and villainy with the Incas under Pizarro, they being the advance guard of the set of cut-throats and scoundrels we so recently drove out of Cuba and Porto Rico; can swim the Hellespont with Leander, pontoon it with Xerxes, and swim it again with Byron.

"This books can do; nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise."

Books furnish the medium for self culture. You rest while these Volapük tongues pour into your ears the history of the rise and fall of governments and empires; manners and customs of all races; nature and habits of the animal kingdom; the dreams,

ambitions and accomplishments of man. The earth and sea give up their treasures, and you do not even have to rub a lamp calling up a genii, but are transferred by a simple wish to the fort at Taku, to observe that heterogeneous army marching on to Pekin and have your eyes gladdened by the sight of the Stars and Stripes being the first flag unfurled above the "Forbidden City," furnishing its protection to the besieged. Presto! the next instant you are in South Africa, traversing the veldts, with an eye on the struggle for supremacy between English and Boer; the towns, kopjes, karroos, bull teams and people are familiar to you, owing to a visit you made to "An African Farm" with Olive Schreiner in the Transvaal some years ago; hence you appreciate the situation more than if you had been a total stranger to the Dutch and their environments.

Never weary in well doing; that is to say, in broadening your area of observation, enlarging your mental calibre and storing your mind with food upon which to feed

when you fall in the "sear and yellow leaf." If you provide now, for that day, as you should, there will be found no vacuity in your countenance and no sparkle be wanting in your eye; neither will drivel issue from your mouth. Instead, you will have sifted the chaff and have its result in knowledge—if not in wisdom—upon which to sustain yourself and help those who are in need of assistance along the rugged road of life. As before stated, never weary in well doing, to wit: acquiring knowledge. You leave the vicissitudes of war in South Africa to step in the jungles of India with Mr. Kipling and make the acquaintance of Mowgli's brothers; leave to arrive in Old London and examine into her almshouses, reformatories, debtors' prisons, home life of her citizens, with Mr. Dickens. Again having taken flight, you rest on the shores of New England and study the characteristics of people who will brand a poor, defenseless and misguided woman with a letter of scarlet hue so bright that all who run may read her shame; then step down to the Alamo, to be

horrified with the death struggle of that brave little band of Texans against the Mexican hordes led by Santa Anna, finding when the smoke clears away the bodies of such gallant men as Crockett and Bowie lying pierced through and through.

To get away from this scene of carnage and awful realities, you have "pressed the button," and Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Kant and Haeckel stand before you and glibly proceed to tell what they DON'T know about soul, life, immortality and God; of where you sprung from and where you are bound for. These "ducks" are a tiresome lot to tolerate, not only on account of the words they coin as they proceed, but because, just as they are about to shout "Eureka," you hear it is "unknowable," "unthinkable," "psychic substance" or some other gibberish which knocks into a "cocked hat" all your respect for the whole "kit." Compensation can be found, however, in the "Ploughman Poet," Burns, with his "Tam O'Shanter," "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Highland Mary," and songs of

human conception, human desires and human needs. Edgar Allan Poe will tell you how that infernal Raven annoyed him tapping at his chamber door, croaking "Never—nevermore," until you turn to Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" to steady your nerves. You can, with the same ease, have Holmes, Longfellow, Bryant, Tennyson, Pope and Moore furnish you with lyrics of love, heroism and ethereal fantasies on their way up Parnassus. Emerson, Ruskin, Macaulay and DeQuincey will satiate you with polished essays. For biography, ask Plutarch to open his storehouse, and you will be regaled. Do you want ghost, fairy and goblin tales? Sit down with St. Clair, Grimm Brothers, Hans Andersen, Herder, Hauff, Andrew Lang and the Arabian Nights, never overlooking Fouque's lovely Undine. Do you crave to hear of the days of chivalry? Pull Scott's "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth" and "Talisman" from the shelf. For a satire, have Cervantes bring in Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho Panza. Should your appetite call for psychology in the concrete, use the minds of

"Jean Valjean" and "Hamlet." A wish to know how detectives run criminals to earth will be answered by A. Conan Doyle, Emile Gaboriau and Vidocq.

I have barely pricked the surface here and there, and, should I pursue it for hours, the ground would hardly be roughened, as there is absolutely no limit to the possibilities of where you can go, what you can see, hear and accomplish, if you will read. Suffice it to say, to meet the demands made upon you, you must read early, much and often. The man who reads can bathe in the caliph's bath of Bagdad or paddle in the wadies of India; stand with one foot north and one south of the equator and, like the Count of Monte Cristo, proclaim "the world is mine;" can learn to "yank" lightning from the skies, and precious metals and gems from the earth; can circle the globe, peep into the manners, customs, legends and truths of every nation and people; can mould magic bullets in the Black Forest of Germany and see the Spectre of the Brocken in the Hartz mountains; roll ten-

pins in the Kaatskills with Rip Van Winkle; bivouac with Grant, Sherman, Jackson and Lee, and be present when the South surrendered at Appomattox; can rummage among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum—doubly interesting since Mont Pelee duplicated Vesuvius; hear the Roman Cicero and Athenian Demosthenes in flights of oratory, the harangue of Brutus over the slain Cæsar, the political speeches of Clay, Webster, Hayne and Patrick Henry of this republic and Mr. Pitt in the English House of Commons on behalf of America; witness the gladiatorial contests in the arena of the Roman amphitheatre; experience the horror of Custer and his men when surrounded by the "redskins;" investigate the Egyptian, Roman and Parisian catacombs, and enjoy the solitude of the Kansas farmer; laugh with Mr. Dunne's Dooley and Hennessy, Mark Twain and Josh Billings; watch the Patagonians throw the bolo with unerring precision; travel the old Santa Fe trail with Inman, and Oregon trail with Parkman; build blockhouses and fight

Indians with Boone and Kenton; behold the guillotine in active operation while Madame Defarge "knits up her thoughts;" see Charlotte Corday enter the apartments of Marat and stab the fiend while in his bath; have your blood run cold at the Bartholomew massacre; go lumbering along on the backs of camels with dervishes and sheiks; buffet with Vanderdecken on his phantom ship, glide 20,000 leagues under the sea with Verne or enter the submarine boat with Holland; climb the Matterhorn with Whymper or draw lessons from the Slades of the tavern called the Sickle and Sheaf; girdle the earth with Richardson or blaze your way through the primeval forest with the pioneers; study natural history with Buffon, Wood and Buel, astronomy with Herschel and Lockyer; witness the trials, sufferings and torture of the martyrs with Fox; hold intellectual banquets with Virgil, Aristotle, Homer, Plato and Socrates; penetrate the mystery of the man in the iron mask with Dumas, or wander around the streets, boulevards, alleys and

by-ways of Paris with Hugo; live on the island Juan Fernandez four years with Selkirk, afterwards known to the world as Robinson Crusoe; ride on white elephants in Siam; watch the bushmen of Australia speed the boomerang, bringing down a kangaroo nine times out of ten; hear Dick Turpin and Claude Duval cry "stand and deliver," on the king's highway, and see the race made by "Bonnie Black Bess" to enable her owner to prove an alibi; enter Sherwood Forest with Robin Hood and his merry men and be a witness to the compact between Richard Cœur De Leon and brave Robin; join with the pirates of Treasure Island, singing

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

then look back to Marathon to find the victory won by Miltiades turning the tide in favor of civilization, saving unto us the intellectual treasures of Athens, which made possible a Shakespeare.

"O books, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of the wisest; sweet solaces of daily life; proofs and results of immortality; trees yielding all fruit, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a flaming sword; gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends, comforts, treasures, helps; governments, diversities of tongues, who can weigh your worth!"

No wonder the Psalmist asked Jehovah, "What is man that Thou are mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?" He knew nothing about what books could do; nothing about the printing press. But God *did*—knew they were coming, and in due time raised up Herr Gutenberg, giving man the opportunity to realize that no bounds held him this side the grave, nay, not even death, if he will read the Book of books, the BIBLE; keep it ever near him for counsel, and follow well its teachings. Then the grim reaper can no more hold you in thraldom than I can create the vital spark of life.

Referring to the opening statement concerning the painting and poem, I desire to close with the remark that the idea of a man who utilizes his spare moments reading ever being such a one as depicted on the canvas and presented in the poem entitled "The Man with the Hoe" is impossible.

A Thanksgiving Day Reverie

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view."

—*Woodworth: The Old Oaken Bucket.*

A Thanksgiving Day Reverie

Sitting in my library, after a regulation Thanksgiving dinner had been stowed under my belt, "too sluggish to move and too full for utterance," musing on other days, the old home arose in retrospection, and without compass, rule or protractor, I platted in the glowing bed of anthracite before me the boundaries of old Highland; that being the sub-division of the "Buckeye" state which nurtured me in days gone by. Days when life was one continual series of delights and pleasing incidents; days when youth, strength and the agility of the athlete were mine—glorious days! yet I can not say the happiest period of my life, because in the society of the domestic circle at this moment surrounding me, I experience the acme of human contentment. Nevertheless, they

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NOTE—November, 1901. This sketch is local to Highland county, Ohio, Hillsboro being the county seat.

were days bringing forth, here in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, fond recollections in every respect.

My ruddy draught etched in the bed of live coals produced a mosaic of woods, hills, chasms and valleys, with an inner setting of farms, supplemented with irregular fields, these smaller gems separated tho' still held intact by a net-work of board, wire and rail fences, the whole being interlaced and connected by a net of free turnpikes radiating from the county seat like the silken skein of a spider's web, to which was added an embroidery of the silver streams of Rattlesnake, Hardins and Fall creeks in the upper right-hand corner, with Rocky Fork, Clear and Paint creeks occupying the east and southeast, and by Dodson, Turtle and White Oak with its tributaries embellishing the left or west, the ensemble presenting a tracery of exquisite beauty.

Gazing in the fluctuating glow, I discern in that bright lump forming the apex of my fire, the old court house dome sending its glint into space, and in those flashing specks

domestic pigeons fluttering around its flagstaff; now they march in Indian file around its base, now on the wing again, now strut, now nestle on the cornice supported by six huge Corinthian columns, cooing to their mates, while the familiar faces of judge, jurymen and members of the bar make their appearance at the door, after the close of a hotly-contested legal battle.

Reverie, reverie, thou art a benediction; in the glamour of thy searchlight the corduroy roads of the past assume the smoothness of asphalt pavements; the jolts, bumps and jars of life are seen to have been the means to an end, and all the seamy phases of the days gone, hide from view—ashamed to show their ugly features.

Again I see my wigwam, constructed of ironweeds, while I scout around among the bushes, with bow and arrow, trailing an imaginary pale face. Again I hear the click of quoit against quoit as we boys strive for a "ringer" or "leaner." Again playing marbles for "knucks" or "keeps" (the latter game, generally).

And in the words of Hood, "I remember, I remember" how I alternated my Bible reading with "Crack Skull Bob," "Pilgrim's Progress" with "Jack Harkaway Among the Brigands," and "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son" with "Don Quixote" or "Gil Blas." Once more I am a "printer's devil in the *Gazette* office, all swelled up with my importance as I sit (too short to stand and reach the type) at a case of brevier and fill "stick" after "stick" of copy, only to return to the million delectable duties of my office with tail feathers at half mast, when a proof-sheet from my galley showed a conglomerate worse than "pie."

In the auld lang syne, now like a panorama unfolding, the moving pictures show the writer of twenty-five years ago tramping o'er hill and dale accoutred with a twelve-bore, double-barrel, muzzle-loading shot gun, powder flask and shot pouch in his courtship of Diana, accompanied by his faithful, intelligent Irish setter dog "Sport," who, at wave of hand, ranged the field from quarter to quarter until the covey was scented, and

then became as rigid as marble—a statue worthy the chisel of a Michael Angelo or the brush of a Rosa Bonheur. To the glory of old Highland let it be recorded, rare was the day of love making to the above-named goddess, when the capacious hunting-coat pockets were not well filled. President Roosevelt never felt the intoxication of a week off with old Mike Dunn (peace to his ashes) in southern Ohio, for had he once partaken of field sports with him as comrade, he would never have come to Colorado to find recreation with dog and gun.

My turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie and "fixin's" do not digest as easily as in those days, and even with this handicap to keep me awake, yet concentration of mind on my map or plat, assisted by the heat arising from its material, caused me to fall asleep, or, in up-to-date parlance, lulled me into a hypnotic state, germane to many indulged in on hot afternoons when wrestling with Blackstone's Commentaries, struggling to master the *rule in Shelley's case,* analyzing the intricacies of evidence with Greenleaf or draw-

ing a plea, declaration, replication, rejoinder, sur-rejoinder, rebutter or sur-rebutter—for a moot court—under the instructions laid down by Stephens.

The scene shifted and season changed. From the whirr of quail and wood grouse in stubble and thicket, crack of gun and retrieving of "Sport," I am below Bisher's dam or following the meanderings of Rocky Fork or Brush creek with rod and line, offering the finny tribe an elegant chub minnow.

The spring time glides into summer and "blue hole," of Moberly's branch (my earliest recollection of a swimming pool), fades like a dissolving view of a stereopticon, to be replaced with another and more commodious one just above the old saw mill on the Belfast pike, about two and one-half miles southeast of the "Model Town," then 'mid changing scenes, autumn and winter blend, finding the undersigned on the pond back of Boyd's flouring mill cutting "flub-dubs" with the keen edge of Barney & Berry ice kings, but just at this stage, while skimming over the crystal ice, my continuity of memories

was interrupted owing to my turkey and "trimmin's" asserting their superiority over my digestive organs; seasons and sports got jumbled up like the bits of broken glass in a kaleidoscope, causing bob-sleds to speed down Beech street hill with the velocity of the Empire express, the hum of roller skating rinks, gymnasium gyration, "assembly" dances, lovely girls, trick bicycling, buzz of scroll saws, school day companions, base ball, shinney, the clang! clang! clang! of the old fire bell, and running with the fire engine led by the old wheel horse of volunteer firemen, John Reckley, and the de'il only knows what, to flit through my brain, when finally the cells exhausted with the rapidity of movement quieted down and found rest in the old homestead on East South street in the village of Hillsboro, within whose walls I learned all that has been beneficial to me in life, and from whose portals I brought to the "Centennial State," fourteen years ago, memories of a delicious boyhood, happy youth and grateful manhood.

The Farmer

"Let them be hewers of wood and drawers of water unto all the congregation."

—Joshua, chap. ix, v. 21.

The Farmer

In a previous sketch I dissertated on Rural vs. City Life, in which eulogy was sprinkled with a wanton extravagance concerning the happy, peaceful, contented life and ideal environments of the average rustic. While much therein contained looks pleasing on canvas, reads well in type and in a measure true, yet truth is a relative term and largely dependent upon the point of observation; that is, what is truth from one vantage ground may not be so from another —paradox, because both may be true from the position occupied and still not harmonize.

In the foregoing mentioned sketch I gazed so intently upon the REVERSE side of country life as to leave a flavor of Munchausenism. To ease my conscience and place myself on record as being fair to both sides, I will now endeavor to avoid all suspicion of being related to Ananias and make amends by dis-

closing the face or OBVERSE side, having shifted my view point. You are then to construe the articles *in pari materia,* and render judgment as to where truth is found (if in either!).

The Lord God, in the Garden of Eden, said unto Adam, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. * * * In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." If I was preaching on apostolic succession I would cinch an argument by citing the farmer, for verily that curse has been transmitted through Adam unto the tiller of the soil to this day, and is a precedent to establish the succession contended for, from St. Peter.

The life of the husbandman is one of incessant moil; aye, abject drudgery. He is independent and contented in theory only, and in the minds of such visionary gentlemen as the organizers of the "Brook Farm Institution of Agriculture and Education," in 1841. It is no task for an essayist to occupy a soft-padded leather chair, lounge at his library table, surrounded by all the luxuries

of modern times, and pen gushing paragraphs *in re,* spring showers filling rippling brooks, causing mill wheels to turn and vegetation to spring into life; of lowing herds, fat porkers, strutting pea-fowls and beautiful snow covering the earth in immaculate clothing; of the old-fashioned fire-place with its glowing back logs of oak and hickory; of rustic beauties trudging o'er hill and dale to school.

To the countryman these things have a different aspect; the showers mean swollen streams washing out his dams, carrying away fences and cattle guards, miry roads and fields too soggy to be plowed. The waters of these "sparkling, purling streams" become so muddy and full of debris, even his stock refuse to drink; they overflow their banks, depositing chips, saw-dust and slabs from the "picturesque mill" on his bottom land, nearly destroying its usefulness. The lovely flowers bestrewing his path consist of rag and iron weeds, dog-fennel and dandelions which have to be dug up with a grub hoe before anything else can be cultivated

or grown; his lowing herds seem to take a delight in breaking down line fences, getting into his neighbors' corn and wheat fields, treading under hoof the sprouting grain in their gambols, causing a damage to be paid from the few dollars hoarded up for a rainy day. He fattens hogs at a cost of about five cents per pound. After the cholera thins the number one half, he drives the remainder to market and finds the price fixed at $4.50 per hundred. During the "buzzing of bees and droning of beetles" he is in the hay and wheat working harder than a galley slave, with parched throat, dust in his eyes, chaff in his hair, while wheat beards amuse themselves by hooking their way down his back.

The winter season finds him, not enjoying the poetry attached to pure white snow flakes gently falling, but chopping wood, hauling manure, husking corn or working like a beaver with a kit of antiquated tools on a whipple-tree, wagon wheel, or patching up an old sled. He plods around in "the beautiful" with no sleigh bells or buffalo robes forming a part of his paraphernalia;

his feet are encased in split-leather boots so stiff and hard they gouge holes in both ankles, and he strains every muscle when getting them either on or off, owing to their knack of shrinking from constant moisture. In addition, the winter has chores on its list to be performed, which, translated, signifies hard work from peep of day until dark overtakes him with many things left undone.

The treatment given the old-fashioned fireplace, with its penates, if true, would cause every grate and base-burner to be relegated to the scrap-iron pile. Alas, the fireplace is along the same hard lines as the rest of the farmer's luxuries (?). It is at the beck and call of every wind; smokes or burns according to whatever whim comes into its head. Our son of Abel struggles to yank a frosty backlog out of a snow drift, totes it to the house, throws it on the andirons, pokes up the brands, and is rewarded by finally securing a blaze to warm his tingling fingers, while he roasts his face and scorches the knees of his pants to a beautiful brown, during all of which time his back freezes.

Your country lassie hardly fills the requirements of the aesthetic, poetic, rosy-cheeked rustic, dangling her frilled gingham sun bonnet. It is true, she is buxom, her foot is comfortable in a No. 8 shoe, neck measures 15 inches, waist 31 inches, hand too large for kid gloves, and tips the beam at 175 pounds. One of her idiosyncrasies is not playing ping-pong, but milking eleven cows while standing in muck from four to six inches deep, and feel no discomfort. After performing other similar farm pleasures (?), she goes plowing along muddy lanes to "skule," with a gait only equaled in grace by the movements of the kine she milked at daybreak; from the use of soft soap, made out of grease and wood ashes lye, her hands are red and cracked; from exposure her face is freckled and made pimply by a diet of side meat, hominy and sausage 365 days in the year. This Maud Muller and her bumpkin brother arrive at "skule" to stumble over the simplest examples in addition and subtraction; get up and read in a sing-song tone from a Second Reader, irrespective of punctuation, enuncia-

tion or pronunciation, without the remotest idea of what it all means. Those shining examples of intellectual giants (we read about) coming from "deestrict skules" were produced by an all-wise Providence for the purpose of furnishing the exception to the rule. By all the gods, the man or woman who so perverts facts as to leave an impression that the country and the life of the rustic is a dream ought to be throttled.

The graces and courtesies of the home circle are made up in calling the father "Pap," who, after sousing his head in the rain barrel at the end of the house, gives his face "a lick and a promise" with the family roller towel, sits down to the table in his shirt sleeves and dank hair. The matronly wife takes up a loaf of bread, holds it securely against her bosom with the left hand while she deftly cuts with the right, and extends the slice on the knife, keeping it steady with her thumb, with the interrogatory, "Will you have a hunk?" Each member in turn showing marked ability to discount a Hindu juggler by carrying potatoes, meat and pie to their

mouths with a knife with precision, producing the blade each and every time from between the lips clean and bright. This feat has been performed at the table so often and for so many years it has resulted in perfection. The women use their aprons for handkerchiefs, and the men use their sleeves.

In a prosperous family the day will dawn when a melodeon finds its way into the front room. Did you ever hear one? If not, you have never suffered. When Armanda squares herself before said instrument of torture it is awful; the wail of the dead is music compared to the doleful, discordant, melancholy noises which issue from this concern. Its abysmal sounds cause you to think of every ornery act you ever committed. You think the day of judgment is at hand, and when she ends the pumping of pedals and releases the keys you feel as grateful as you would had you been made the recipient of all in life of value.

The average farmer's literary mentality is satisfied with a weekly country paper, from which one member of the family reads to

the rest, of how Susan Gibbs saved the life of her speckled cow by substituting a cud made by her for the one lost by the cow, and then the sad intelligence of Josh Simmers' flea-bitten mare dying of colic. But when a paragraph is drawled out relating that Sarah Jones' brindle cow gave birth to a calf, and that both cow and calf are doing well, the whole circle rejoices. The recipe of coal tar for sheep scab is cut out and particular note is made of next week being light of the moon, when potatoes must be planted and worm fences repaired.

Talk about peace of mind with a farmer, my readers, it is an unknown quantity in his existence. His brain is always in a turmoil concerning the state of the weather; it is either too wet, too dry, too hot or too cold; the rust in his oats, weevil and fly in his wheat, rot in his potatoes, black leg among his calves, gaps decimating his poultry, scurvy in his pigs and his crops suffer from rooting "elm peelers" and "razor backs."

L. of C.

Even when he gets away from the farm and comes to town with his hair showing it had been cut around an inverted bowl and trousers striking him midway between knee and ankle, he is common prey for the street gamins and is swindled by shell-game men and soap-package fakirs. If he comes out of a saloon, whether he drank a drop or not, a bluecoat immediately nabs him, calls the patrol wagon and sends him to the police station to be relieved of $5 and costs. After being guyed and robbed on every hand he goes home a sadder, but never a wiser man. His mind is tortured by the sight of the sun on ground-hog day, a pig carrying a straw in its mouth, a rabbit crossing the road from left to right, thickness of the corn husk, the cry of his pea-fowls, the color of the clouds, direction of winds—in fact all phenomena of nature have sinister meanings and augur no good.

Being unsophisticated, every Cagliastro, whether peddler, book agent, lightning rod vendor or patent right swindler waxes fat

at his expense. Credulity is the only one thing he possesses in an abundance.

The summer gloaming in the country is in keeping with all the rest. The stillness is broken by croaking frogs, fiddling of katydids, the weird and dismal note of the whippoorwill, the unearthly graveyard hoot of the owl, with now and then an uncanny bat winging its way around one's head. Yes, he sleeps soundly, but no wonder—he has worked like a pack-horse since daylight and is so dead tired that he never remembers next morning when he slipped his galluses and let his breeches drop on the floor at the foot of his bed.

There is an amusing sadness in reading of the gray-haired rustic sitting by his open fire of hickory, beech and oak, going down the hill of life as easily and gently as a child goes to sleep under the lullaby of mother. The fact is, he is worn out, broken down and prematurely old from the hardship in his battle with the elements, contracted rheumatism, leaving his joints stiff and never without a "crick" in his back. Thus he sits

after pulling off coarse boots, toasting his feet before the fire, with mind unfitted to entertain, be entertained or entertain itself. His life has been one unchanging scene of struggles, early and late. He dies and is buried in the family graveyard back of the house, with a pine board at the head of the grave, soon to be overgrown and lost among the weeds.

You think the foregoing picture overdrawn and the subject seen "through a glass darkly." Wait! Before an artist of the brush hands over his canvas as finished, he adds what is termed complementary colors, which cause certain features to stand out in relief, enhancing the value of the painting. My complementary color is—the farmer, of all men, has taken literally the word of the Great and Merciful Father, tilled the soil and in sorrow eaten of its fruits. His movements while on earth may have been awkward, his etiquette not *au fait,* his address generally below standard and the butt of vapid wags. No granite obelisk may be erected to his memory, no eulogies be sung

by man, no mourning-bordered obituary notices printed, yet this man was God's handiwork, one of the elect, and having lived a life free from guile, fulfilled his mission, no "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin" is blazoned in letters of fire for him; on the contrary, he is greeted with "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Verily, I believe he now sits with the pure in heart on the right hand of God, clothed in robes of celestial glory. Who would not be "a hewer of wood and drawer of water?" Selah!

Christmas

"Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly.
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly."

—*Wither: Christmas Carol.*

Christmas

This month (November) is an opportune time to conjure under the heading of Christmas.

Before the waning of another moon we will be calculating how to secure the largest returns from the coming holiday season, and even now the mind, working kinetoscopically, has running through it a phantasmagory of delights, merriment, good cheer, pleasing incidents and glad reunions to be indulged in and enjoyed.

By proclamation, statutory law, common consent, usage and custom, we have established and designated, out of each year, certain days, characterized holidays; some for rest, recreation and pleasure, others for the purpose of impressing and vitalizing afresh in our minds some civil, religious or moral principle, or to commemorate an event of moment in the past history of this country,

from which to draw inspiration and valuable lessons as ONE people, for our mutual benefit and mutual welfare. Be the same an occasion of rejoicing, meditation and prayer, or a day of praise and thanksgiving, we find holidays necessary adjuncts of life.

Suffice it to say, the subject of this essay is a holiday which is celebrated, cherished, honored and revered throughout all christendom; be it under the burning rays of a tropical sun, amid the ice-bound seas and glaciers of either pole, or beneath the skies of the temperate zones, there you meet with this significant, time-honored day set apart, observed and fittingly glorified.

No date in the calendar appeals to mankind and stirs the impulses of generosity, causes the heart to enlarge, sending the warm red blood of love and human kindness coursing through the arteries, as does the twenty-fifth day of December, Anno Domini.

"At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own."

The purport of this sketch is not to examine and dissertate on the beauties of Christmas decorations in cathedrals, jubilant tones from throats of majestic organs, of choral boys dressed in immaculate robes singing songs of praise, nor to follow the story of the Messiah related by priest and preacher about a brilliant star appearing in the firmament, pointing to the place of nativity—a guide unto the Magi from the East bringing offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh to lay at the feet of the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, nor of a multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." It is said "a melody from heaven heard for the first and last time by mortal ears;" neither can I describe the appearance of an angel to the shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks, proclaiming to them, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day

in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

To the believers in Christianity, these things are full of deep meaning and spiritual food; to the infidel and agnostic, the story is one of beautiful images; yet, even with them,

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

It is immaterial whether you be Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, this Christmas season in some measure has a gladsome, refining and softening influence upon you. Irrespective of religious beliefs and differences of creeds, the Yule-tide carries a balm to all, and we are stimulated in listening to the pean of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This year we will find Christmas hoary with age and honors; still, however, as fresh and wholesome as the day it found origin among the Judean hills.

The day is steeped in a fraternal atmosphere; in very truth the brotherhood of man was first made tangible on the morning of the birth of the Nazarene, Christ Jesus, and His teachings hasten the bud, bloom, growth and perfect fruition of the true import of fraternity, causing thereby a more closely-knit tie to exist between the units composing humanity.

Once a year this day comes and falls upon the earth's shoulders like a mantle conceived by and for a god; drapes itself about and around in such manner as to be becoming to all sizes, shapes, shades and conditions of man, bringing grace, elegance and comfort to all who will wear the same.

Christmas comes but once a year—so sang the bard in days of old; but is it not a shame and disgrace that we do not so live, that in justice to our own selfishness we could sing, Christmas stays the whole year round?

It is problematical whether we live and have our real existence in our day dreams, mental experiences and air-castle building, or in what we term the material realities of

life. Have we not gotten the definition of living reversed, and that which we call real, being in fact a simple product of the thing we treat as phantasms? Your opinion be what it may of this idea, I want you for a short time to close your eyes to all external things, give full swing to the subliminal brain, and journey with me—in imagery—through one phase of the coming holiday week.

Now, rejuvenate yourself, by permitting to flit through your imagination all the pleasures, joys, good cheer of auld lang syne! By virtue of this auto-suggestion or self-hypnotism, you find before you the dying embers of the yule log furnishing its last flickering flame to kindle the new, then, springing into life, the crackling, blazing fresh one, throwing its bright, ruddy rays into every nook and corner, producing a warmth and glow which brings into prominence the waxen mistletoe, dainty ivy, rosemary, laurel and, prettiest of all, the delicate sprig of holly studded with dots of blood-red berries. Look again! and you be-

hold plum puddings, stuffed turkeys, gingerbread men, and delicacies which would tempt an epicurean's palate. To blot out this Barmecide feast, or forget the good cheer, the joyous feelings, bright, happy faces of romping children, the contented countenances of older heads, the inexpressible delight in seeing the human race happy for the moment, would be a serious loss. The passionate Burns says, pleasures of human life are

"Like the snow-fall in the river—
A moment white, then melts forever."

Then let us, as sensible men, retain these visions so long as possible, and bequeath them to posterity. Dream on! Call up past and anticipated family gatherings and pleasures of every nature, kind and description associated with Christmas; they will renew and give us strength; we experience that HERE is found life worth the living, filled as it is with humane desires and ambitions; keep the scenes before you. The changes are as varied as the combinations

of a kaleidoscope; the reminiscence of the Christmas tree, with fantastic decorations, stands out in bold relief; the open fireplace, ornamented with tiny stockings; the lighted tapers, curly heads and roguish eyes peeping round corners or through the cracks of doors ajar, ere their owners have said their good nights and "Now I lay me down to sleep;" then the mysterious movements of the elder folk, after the little children, tired out, have at last closed their eyes in sleep, to dream (as we are now) of the good things in store; next, the senior members of the household, having performed the delightful duty of filling stockings, pulling forth the hidden sled, dolls, etc., ransacking closets, cupboard, wardrobe, and other out-of-the-way places for sweetmeats and toys, give a finishing touch to the Christmas tree, retire for the night to awake on the morn, striving to be first in greeting loved ones and each and all with "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," realizing while tokens of love and esteem are exchanged, an angel's anthem filling the soul with "Glory to God

in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Blessed memories, may they never grow less! I would not barter the psychological process which can reproduce and vivify such recollections for the purse and wishing cap of Fortunatus, magic wand of Percinet, or golden touch of old King Midas.

Fortunately there are but a few so sordid, mean and contemptible who would banish from memory our treasured Christmas books with their pictures painted in rainbow colors, showing our old patron saint Kriss Kringle, alias St. Nicholas, alias Santa Claus, almost buried under toy drums, tin horns, wooden animals, painted soldiers, Noah's arks, dumb watches, lead swords, building blocks, candy, nuts, and a hundred and one things bringing gratification to the little ones. What works of art these books were, yea, perfect masterpieces, when we got hold of one with old Kriss portrayed in his sleigh, driving over the white, crisp snow behind his team of reindeer, hurrying from housetop to housetop with more ease and

agility than ever credited to the fabled winged Pegasus. And how well we knew his mission was to let himself down every chimney, when all were in the land of Nod, and deposit on the hearthstone just those things most wished for.

Did not the benevolence christened Santa Claus exist, many homes would be cheerless and cold, but thanks to the one who first conceived and ordained this dispenser of Xmas cheer, we find him traveling from the log cabin in the primeval forest to the palaces of kings and queens, the same to-day as when we lived in the full confidence of his ability to supply our every want.

It must sorrowfully be confessed—as before intimated—there can be found a limited number of creatures walking erect and claiming kinship with God who have a theory entirely vicious, viz.: That because the hair has turned gray and shoulders stoop they should scowl at the Christmas festivities, forego its charms and mope around with a woeful mien, blighting the happiness which should be rampant. Why, the old Pharisee!

There is to-day existing the same animal spirit for play he craved in boyhood, plus the accumulated joy of years to cause the world to forget its cares and anxieties. Yet this Ishmaelite, being totally out of place, goes round with his soured visage at this joyous season, lost to the bounden duty of every man to join the merry-makers, throwing in the balance his years of experience, so that on this day our joys may be full. Rather than do this, he finds satisfaction in making himself disagreeable and miserable, causing a shadow where all ought to be bubbling over with mirth, glee and hallelujahs. Surely such a one, from sheer cussedness—to use the Western vernacular—is "locoed," and evidently indorses the doleful lines, "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." This individual gets more than he deserves, and, being a general misfit, should be led from the room, and at its exit handed a copy of Washington Irving's "Old Christmas" or a volume of "Christmas Stories," by Mr. Dickens, to peruse in his banishment.

Now, having freed the chamber of this human icicle,

"Heap on more wood; the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will—
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

Drink deep from the wassail bowl, let your imaginations run amuck with all iconoclasts, while the "fun grows fast and furious;" stir up the brands and let the flames join in glad acclaim in honor of Xmas. Return to our phantasy of home gathering of kindred and Christmas dinner, where animosities are forgotten, feuds smothered, forgiveness asked and granted and granted ere it is asked; where discord is bundled bag and baggage off to limbo to partake of the companionship of the pessimist, the morose, the misanthrope and discontented—from whose precincts they should never be privileged to depart.

Good cheer permeates the air, everything and everybody. On this day, by mutual consent, mankind meet upon an equal footing, the beggar and millionaire find common

ground; all conditions of society come together and blend in one harmonious whole; there is a broadening of human sympathies, appeals for assistance quickly responded to, the purse strings of the miser loosened, the earth feels the import of the "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," and many an old Scrooge had been metamorphosed by its enchantment before Mr. Dickens had thought of his "Christmas Carol." Then the evening story-telling, while boys and girls go by filling the air with merry laughter, or the sound of jingling sleigh bells ring out in the frosty night; all have a tendency to smooth away the wrinkles of care.

If the reading of this has given you a few moments' relaxation, called up some fond recollection, brought into review pleasant bygones, caused you to think better of your fellow-man, conveyed to you any reason why we should preserve this holiday or furnished you with entertainment, then it has fulfilled its mission.

So here is a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" to you, my reader, in this, the year of our Lord, 19—, and especially *vive le* Christmas.

A Philatelic Item

Stamps Are Miniature Text-Books of Art, History, Biography and Geography.

A Philatelic Item

Periodically the postage stamp mania swoops down upon a law-abiding community with the vigor of a Kansas cyclone. These spasms are endemic, epidemic and contagious, sweeping old and young alike into the vortex of philately. It is just as natural for the youth to contract the disease as it is for him to have chickenpox, mumps and measles.

Fathers and mothers would do well to encourage the fad for several reasons, among them being: It provides innocent, intelligent entertainment—indoors—away from "de gang;" from an educational standpoint, furnishes attractive lessons in geography, from "Dan to Beersheba" and beyond; it is a study of art—no finer engravings are procurable; artistic skill is a *sine qua non* in producing the stamp dies; perfection is sought; "many are called, but few are chosen," because any want of technique in

workmanship means instantaneous rejection. Many of the drawings on our postage stamps are miniature copies of masterpieces from the brush of master artists.

For a minimum expenditure you may own a portfolio of exquisite scenic, historical and natural history studies. In addition to this, stamps will familiarize you with the profile and features of prominent men and women of many countries and nationalities. Our United States stamp exhibits a galaxy, to wit: Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Clay, Webster, Hamilton, Perry, Grant, Marshall *et al.* The physiognomist and phrenologist can graze in this field to their hearts' content.

If you are a stamp crank I have your sympathy already. If not, then stay with me unto the end of the chapter and at the finale I hope we may part friends, because we will find in our examination stamps have much of interest in them other than the fad of merely accumulating vast numbers, rare specimens and freak issues.

The proverbial "Philadelphia lawyer" would be puzzled to keep pace with the volubility of a stamp fiend—one of those fellows who croons over the technical tomfoolery belonging to the issues, perforate, imperforate, watermarks, surcharges, shades, embossing, cancellations, speculatives, counterfeits, reprints, original gum, *et cetera.*

You and I can, without going into all this minutiae, admire tiny pictures of Egypt's pyramids, the sepulchres of her regal dead, and off in the distance the Sphinx, wrapped in its unfathomable mystery, found on Egyptian postage; can look at natural history studies in mammals, reptiles, birds and fishes as presented on various stamps and be entertained; but when your boy comes home inoculated with a handful of stamps used in Tahiti, Tobago, Bergerdorf, Bosnia, Ichay, Diego Suarez, Sarawak, Kew Kiang and others, asking you to locate these countries for him, I want to say your thermometer of affection for the craze will drop below zero. To scratch your head is "no go." Your geography is off on a "wool gathering"

expedition. Brush the dust off your globe, pull out your atlas and gazetteer, help him out and you will enjoy it—at the same time find out what a "numb-skull" you are.

You can, however, save this disclosure of your ignorance by purchasing for him an International Stamp Album, which has the "whole push" alphabetically arranged, with a synopsis concerning each country. Have you read much of Mr. Kipling? If so, get out your boy's stamp album, study the stamps of India and then tackle Kipling again. You will not only wonder how he wrote on India's people so well, but that he could write at all, and you will also appreciate why so many characters of his books are queer in the head, and why he cusses the English in his "Islanders" and calls upon Jehovah to help them in his "Recessional" *lest they forget.*

Of recent years Uncle Sam has caused to be issued special stamps commemorative of expositions. If you examine these issues with a magnifying or reading glass you will be astonished to find the artistic and inter-

esting panorama unfolding historical facts. For instance, take the Columbian series of sixteen stamps in honor of the 1893 World's Fair. Arrange the subjects chronologically (without reference to their postage value) and you have a magnificent portrayal of the discovery of America and its incidents in the following: 1. Profile of Christopher Columbus, for whom this country should have been named, instead of that thieving Americo Vespucci; 2. Columbus begging alms at the Rabida monastery; 3. Columbus soliciting aid from Isabella; 4. Isabella pledging her jewels; 5. The flagship Santa Maria; 6. The whole fleet, Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta, as they stood off from Palos, August 3, 1492; 7. The sight of land, October 12, 1492; 8. The landing; 9. Depicts the triumphant entry of Columbus at Barcelona on his way to the Spanish court; 10 and 11 show him announcing his discovery and presenting American natives to be viewed by the Castilians; 12. His unjust recall, and 13, returned in chains; 14. He recounts his third voyage to crowned heads;

15. Is restored to favor, and 16 closes with portraits of Columbus and Isabella. This gallery will fasten facts—facts, sir, as old Gradgrind would say—in a youth's mind never to be forgotten, and you, my elder reader, will have the cobwebs brushed off and recollections of Goodrich, Quackenbos and Ridpath will be freshened.

Look over the Trans-Mississippi issue of 1898 and you have a set of splendid engravings delineating nine phases of life peculiar to the great West. This series was followed by six stamps growing out of the Pan-American Exposition of 1901, giving drawings of automobiles and other up-to-date means of travel.

Our little revenue for several years kept in prominence the Spanish-American war, with its "Remember the Maine." Thus we could go on taking stock and still keep from the nonsense so often found among collectors.

Now are we friends? No? Well, you try your hand on a series of stamps, and I ween we will be.

Contemplate an ordinary two-cent postage stamp in only a few of its aspects, and there will arise before you a panorama such as no vita, vivre, magna or mutoscope has ever yet portrayed on canvas or unfolded for our amusement and edification. It is a tiny bit of paper—exactly one inch long—though so small and with a life of short duration, yet, what a mighty engine for weal or woe. Its mission as a carrier covers every phase of society, from the highest to the lowest; it answers with alacrity the beck and call of the ignorant, in their hovels and slums, as it does the intellectual scions of Harvard, Yale and Princeton; from the judge, clothed in his ermine, to the criminal in the dock; from the man who lives in the fear of God to the most debased of human beings (reveling in dens of vice and iniquity); from potentate to slave; from oppressor to the oppressed, this wee thing serves, and serves each with equal fidelity. It has "equality before the law" for its maxim, and is "no respecter of person." This insignificant bit acts as an

emissary of all the passions of the human race.

True, it and its tiny companions will soon serve their purpose and pass away, but God, in His infinite wisdom, alone knows how much misery, endless sorrow and broken hearts on the one hand, and how much peace, contentment, joy, it may cause on the other.

It may carry the message of sin, crime and death, the sum total of which can only be revealed in the great hereafter; the river Lethe could only divulge the myriad of wrecked lives caused by its compliance with the wishes of those who wrongfully used it. This puny little article, with no soul to be damned or suitable place to be kicked, carries the direful intelligence of an only son having filled a drunkard's grave; an only daughter living a life of shame; an only child confined in a felon's cell, with the same *nonchalance* as it does those missives breathing our successes and triumphs to the ones we love and honor; exchanges words of affection and veneration from child to parent, husband to wife, and on down the line.

This inexpensive little fellow is not confined to narrow limits, but has the world for its field of action. All the affairs of man—public, private, and those of the most sacred character—can be and *are* entrusted to its care.

Wherefore, query naturally arises, why this confidence? The answer is, simply because the United States, and all the power and influence that may signify, stand ready to protect and further the object for which it was created, and see that its mission is accomplished. The army and navy of the republic is ever watching its course—its destination; all federal officers of this broad land, and the delegated powers residing in foreign climes, are on the *qui vive* to see that no harm, no delay shall attach to a postage stamp issued by "Uncle Sam." Woe, woe to the person who impedes its progress, or tampers with its cargo while in transit, or while lying idle, after it shall have once commenced its journey.

This bit of paper asks no questions. It assumes its duty and responsibilities with-

out grumbling, and starts off "to carry a message to Garcia," and by way of emphasis, is the only thing fully meeting the requirements of the quotation. It is immaterial to it, whether the freight be a curse or benediction, love or hate, peace or war, fear or confidence, joy or sorrow, wisdom or nonsense, whether from sage or fool, man, woman or child—all expect and receive faithful service.

The miniature picture of George Washington carries with the same grace the old and ever fresh story of love, indited on tinted paper, scented with heliotrope, written with the white, soft, delicate hand, which knows naught of the world and the struggle therein, as it does the message penned by the hard-hearted, cold-blooded money lender, demanding in the alternative payment or the property of the poor mortal who is debtor; the all of this latter one is his home, earned by close economy after a life's battle, full of crosses and hardships; who ever has had the hard side of the board; the other contemplating in her innocence the fulfillment of her

dreams. See you how impartial this miserable little inanimate thing is.

Exchange of drafts for millions of money; the transmission of title deeds calling for thousands of acres; the transferring of stocks, bonds and contracts, are entrusted to it every hour of the day, and they are safe in its hands, conveying them from one point to another with the same ease as it does Xmas and Easter cards of greeting.

Now, sir, in the future do not pass by our little friend without due consideration.

Old Age—A Tribute

A venerable aspect!
Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily become his silver locks:
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.

—*Rowe: Jane Shore.*

Old Age—A Tribute

Many minds have accepted, without consideration, the idea that old age is synonymous with dotage; senility with imbecility. This is a grave error, and leaves the saw, "Old men for counsel and young men for war," meaningless.

I am not prepared to deny that in some instances age brings about weakened intellectual power and physical attributes depleted—all rules have their exceptions. But I do proclaim that old age as a general rule is maligned; and while a few may answer to the exception, yet even they (save in rare cases) are a *particeps criminis* in not warding off the infirmities attendant advancing years.

The historical characters of the Bible as well as all in profane literature, who have left the world the stronger and better by reason of what they said or did, were far

beyond the turning point of life when the utterances of wisdom or valiant deeds performed could be accredited to them.

Aside from a limted number who were inspired, all wise rules of life which have made man the great thinking manipulator of things material, were laid down by those who were nearing or beyond the three-score year and ten mark. Some one left us a statement about as follows: Experience is the only lamp we have to guide our feet. No one will doubt the sound sense incorporated in such a declaration. If this be true, then it is necessary that man should have passed through many years, so as to have had the experience with which to guide him in the correct path, and does not even intimate that these years have made him less capable of accomplishing the end for which he was created.

When you see an old mother of Israel, with her pale, sweet face and her white locks peeping from under the edge of a dainty little cap, you feel far from designating her as an infant in understanding; instead, you

long to put your arms around her with a sincerity in your fervor to which your callow days was a stranger.

You meet a snowy beard and whiter hair belonging to some old patriarch, and you instantly—if a true-born gentleman—cease your idiotic chatter, or cut the vulgar story short, for here you realize wisdom in your presence. In neither of these cases do you recognize dotage or imbecility, because of old age being charged to their account.

Did you ever see the three pictures known as Seven, Seventeen and Seventy? If not, the first one shows two children, a bright-faced boy and dimpled-cheeked girl of seven summers, with their rosy lips about to collide; the second, the same pair, only the boy is now a youth of manly bearing and the girl a lovely maiden preparing for an impact of the same character as delineated in the first picture; the third finds them with hair whitened by intervening years and eyes assisted by spectacles, yet the same delectable performance is about to take place, and the fascinating lips and twinkling eyes are there

at seventy as at seven and seventeen, simply because they are still young. It is true their hearts and lives have matured; still, dotage and imbecility are no more in evidence here than at the age of the first picture.

As remarked, some who have reached their three-score and ten years may to all intents and purposes fill the bill of second childhood, but the man or woman who indulges in sound literature, keeps in touch with legitimate recreations, takes an interest in current events, interests himself or herself in humanity and views life through optimistic lenses, never grows old.

Hebe helps those who help themselves, and teaches them how to play with Father Time, tossing him to and fro like a shuttlecock until the game is finished, and then, like pampered Arabian steeds, they are still fresh and ready to begin the journey to that Unknown Country.

Man, starting from the valley to climb the hill of life, should take advantage of all available means of nursing his physical pow-

ers, enlarging his mental resources, and keeping his mind pure, so that when he reaches the crest, he will have reserve forces producing a mind clear and body strong. Indeed, to show mental decay as he reaches the goal is criminal; to feel a weakening of physical power in a measure is excusable; but decrepitude should be punished. The means to keep the mind ever fresh, young and active are plentiful enough, a few being suggested in a previous paragraph. By utilizing these means, the mind will know how to apply the laws of sanitation and hygiene—these laws are in reality the Brown-Sequard Elixir preventing wasted energies—the flesh will be solid and firm, the elasticity and strength of muscle will be maintained, and he can look down the farther slope with no trepidation; in fact, it will seem to him thus preserved, to be a smooth, gradual decline into the valley of rest. In other words, the earthly zenith of man, who has lived up to his opportunities, is reached only when Gabriel winds his trumpet calling him home. Up to that mo-

ment it should be always onward, always upward, to this climateric end. I have the most profound respect for "Father William," as introduced by Lewis Carroll in his "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Here are two verses:

"'You are old,' said the youth; 'one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?'

"'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'
Said his father; 'don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!'"

I indorse the above lines for two reasons—first, Father William evidently had followed out the lines of preserving himself to a green old age; and second,

because his answer to the inquisitive smart aleck is exactly the one that should be given to some others whose names are not in books—the woods are full of them.

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Thus a man may be old and still be young in years according to the life he has pursued. Lord Byron wrote a poem entitled "On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year," in which he says, among other things:

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone!"

He simply voiced the reflex of his own waywardness, and was old indeed—in sin. Years had nothing to do with such apparent infirmity of mind, for he should, at the expiration of thirty or forty years in addition to his thirty-six, have had a consciousness.

"Age is opportunity no less than youth itself,
Though in another dress,

And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

Because Shakespeare in "As You Like It" closes with a speech, he puts in the mouth of Jacques:

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Many have adopted this version as the infallible result of old age, but if the immortal bard was alive to-day, upon investigation, he would find the condition of affairs entirely out of harmony with his blank-verse assertions. The *sans* teeth would resolve itself into a complete set, capable of performing everything required of them; the *sans* eyes have formed a copartnership with lenses adapted to their peculiar needs, which give a range of vision equal to youth; the *sans* taste has developed into a *connoisseur*

of art, music, literature and viands, and the *sans everything* has to-day grown into a broadened area of living, which includes as a part of the whole that the old man observes, hears and enjoys more of life in one year than actually existed during a whole generation at the time "As You Like It" was written. The greatness of man is shown in man's achievements. The achievement which has made him the greatest is the fact that the threescore years and ten have long since become an obsolete term, when used as synonymous with the maximum expectancy of life. To-day the old man is proud, and rightfully so, of having reached a period when he can appreciate the fruits of a well-balanced intellect which has, and is, increasing man's longevity.

As every government census shows the center of population moved farther westward, so with man traveling toward his setting sun. Every decade shows his meridian advanced, and his active participation in the control of business, development of the

country, launching of gigantic enterprises and his usefulness prolonged.

The man in this day who hobbles around supporting himself with a cane, or listlessly sits by the fire with vacant countenance, and who is no longer interested in the affairs of life, and who is not consulted on matters of importance, is a *rara avis* indeed—a fit freak for a dime museum.

Palsy from old age and broken down constitutions, so prevalent a century ago, has been superseded by a nervous energy which is binding continents together with cables, and then cobwebbing them with telegraph and telephone wires; tying towns and cities east, west, north and south with steel rails; building ocean greyhounds which have a speed only a fraction less than express trains; reclaiming millions of acres of waste and arid lands; digging a canal connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific; erecting massive business structures of stone, marble and granite, superb in their magnitude and magnificence; sending wireless messages, handling the stocks and bonds of the commer-

cial world; trotting the globe in less time than Phileas Fogg and Passepartout, and a multitude of items bringing to mankind untold comforts and experiences.

The conservative, acute, logical gray matter held in leash by common sense and sound judgment, is not found plentiful in man until many frosts have come and gone. Till then the fire of youth burns too rapidly, causing him to act on the impulse and not reason, and it is hazardous to place too much dependence upon him.

I do not belittle the young man, but am endeavoring to show old age as it is, when the foundation is properly laid in the preparatory days of youth and early manhood.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." The young man who appreciates how important a clean life is to his declining years and practices physical, mental and moral economics intelligently, will be found living a life free from mental and physical disabilities while grandchildren are anxiously awaiting for their happy old "granddad" to join them in their romp.

The pathetic side of old age is to know that in the course of inexorable laws the one before whom we strew our laurel wreaths; upon whom we depended for support when too feeble to aid ourselves; from whom we sought counsel in our dilemmas, and who led our unsteady feet and unsteadier minds up to our majority; to whom we now go if in distress, must be taken away, leaving us stranded temporarily on the shores of time.

Nothing can excel the halo surrounding old age in the human race, and nothing calls attention to how short our earthly existence and how expeditious we should be in doing the Master's work, so as to be ready with some fruit to lay at His feet when the natural law has meted out to us its full limit, and we, too, shall enter eternity; and such can be our pleasure if we bring ourselves within the letter and spirit of the closing lines of Bryant's "Thanatopsis," which run as follows:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

This may read with a flavor of sermonizing. It is not so intended. However, if you study life honestly and seriously, you will find a sermon in it from the cradle to the grave. The issues at stake are so enormous that you are awed and feel that you should tread softly and speak in whispers when you reach the point of how rapidly the moment is approaching when the final reckoning must

be made, the account cast, the balance struck and the book of life closed. As a parting admonition to my readers and myself, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

Sympathy

"No man is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."

—Longfellow: Endymion.

Sympathy

The death of England's queen and India's empress, Victoria, had its proximate cause, it is said, in sympathy. This grand old woman's heart throbbed for those who were sacrificing their lives in the South African conflict, and not only did she feel for her own subjects, but her commiseration went out for the struggling Boer. Even though possessed of a throne she was without power to stay the carnage, and so profound was her grief, the fragile thread which bound her soul to its casket of clay snapped asunder.

It would be difficult to find in the economy of man and nature a word of more significance than the term Sympathy. It attaches itself to and is an integrant of every atom of the universe, and if properly administered, is the Open Sesame for solving the labor and capital problem now so vital an issue.

This article is not a disquisition on the topic of how it enters into all animal, vege-

table and mineral kingdoms, or how, without it, death would ensue; neither will space permit me to show how the earth in its orbit, the light from sun, moon and stars, how heavenly bodies and seasons are controlled by harmony (sympathy), or how, without it, all would be reduced to a state of chaos, "without form and void." We will, however, look at one phase of its far-reaching influence, viz.: Human sympathy permeates our lives to such an extent that our every thought and act is more or less based upon its application. In our affairs, whether private, domestic or public, we are confronted with some one of its synonyms.

The word is so broad in itself as to even embrace its antonyms owing to their sympathetic attributes; for example: Sympathy is equivalent in general acceptation with that which is good, noble, benevolent, kind and humane, yet the thief, burglar, highwayman and brute are in sympathy with that which is wrong, ignoble, cruel and inhumane, in sympathy with their nefarious calling, hence essentially in sympathy with their

co-thieves and companions, all being the converse of the understood definition. Nevertheless, contrary to what sympathy is dignified to mean, it exists when bad and bad join hands for any evil scheme, by which act a link in a chain of sympathy is as surely welded for woe as it is believed to stand weal. Is it broad? We have but to pause a moment to realize that we are a free and independent people growing out of sympathy generated in the thirteen original colonies for freedom. Sympathy with independence was the mainspring which started the mechanism of this great demo-republican government and keeps it in motion. The *"Imperial purple"* of the world is progress. That we have advanced is evidence of our sympathy with progression; that our sympathies have been exercised in behalf of good rather than evil is attested by our material, social and intellectual improvement; and we are still building along these lines. Give me the sympathy of the people for a reform and the reform will abide with us. Thus the Magna Charta was wrenched from King John; thus the

Declaration of Independence was born in 1776; and so on down to John Brown and the spasm of Mrs. Carrie Nation of recent notoriety. Sympathy with a movement makes it a power.

Do not contract the term to pity and compassion; rather render unto it full defining, to wit, love, charity, benevolence, harmony, kindness, benignity, toleration, union, concert, yearning, and you hold a magnet.

We are successful in our ambitions in just so far as we are in hearty accord, co-operation—sympathy—with the end sought to be attained. Owen Meredith gives a truism by writing, "The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one, may hope to achieve it before life be done; but he who seeks all things wherever he goes, only reaps from his hopes which around him he sows a harvest of barren regrets."

Sympathy gave Adam a helpmate in the Garden of Eden. Sympathy saved Noah and his family. The same medium caused Moses to remain with a stiff-necked, overbearing and thankless people in the wilderness. It

is sympathy in its purity which links the human and divine, made the cross a reality and life everlasting, a legacy, bequeathed on Calvary.

The only material difference between Christianity and Buddhism, is found in the "Golden Rule," which, in a nutshell, outlines the doctrine of each: Christ's great heart, filled with divinity and pulsating with love for humanity, delivered, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," as the essence of God's message to man. Buddha, in his narrow, selfish, earthly limitations, gives the principle of the Golden Rule, but in the negative form; that is, he does not advise *doing good,* but says *refrain* from *evil,* refrain from doing harm to your fellow-man, because he will then refrain from harming you. What a miserable apology! Christ knew He would agonize on the cross, yet with His fervent interest in humanity, said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

No strictures can be applied to sympathy. It enlarges every time you attempt to corral it, and arises from the effort with renewed strength as did Antaeus of old. It signifies not only fellow interest between human beings, it means interest and harmony between man and his work, between man and his environment.

Sympathy was the factor which caused Florence Nightingale to expose her life for the welfare of suffering soldiers in the Crimean war. A like work was continued by Clara Barton's Red Cross brigade. Sympathy is concrete; its essence has builded the orphan, insane, deaf, dumb and blind asylums throughout the broad land, as well as places of retreat and refuge for the unfortunate and afflicted. Mrs. Stowe wrote her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at a time when the people north of the Mason-Dixon line were in sympathy with the liberation of four million slaves, and the full effect of that book on the question will never be known. Sympathy spurred Bennett to send Stanley to search the wilds of Africa for Dr. Living-

stone. Millet painted the Angelus, with his soul in his subject, which resulted in a conception of sanctity seemingly breathing from the canvas, and you all but hear the Angelus chime. Haydn composed his oratorio, "The Creation," on his knees in prayer, and it tells its own story from the whirling chaotic beginning to final consummation of creation; no need of a libretto here. John Audubon was so in sympathy with bird life as to almost tell exactly what the birds' next movement would be. Garner lived two years in a cage in the jungles of Africa studying the language of the ape family. Tesla visited Colorado and camped on the summit of Pike's peak for the purpose of perfecting his electrical knowledge by taking advantage of its dry and rarefied atmosphere.

The catastrophe of St. Pierre caused the eyes of every nation to turn in the direction of the little Isle of Martinique, following the course of their ships freighted with everything the human mind could devise to relieve and palliate the suffering caused by the disastrous eruption of Mount Pelee. This was

a gigantic wave of practical human sympathy.

Why these things? Sympathy—nothing save this—has incited man to accomplish the things placed to his credit, making him a citizen of the world.

The sympathy of Isabella, of Spain, with the apparent dream of Columbus, led her to pawn her jewels to test the scheme. You and I are the legatees of that confidence. Millions of money was expended on the Pan-American Exposition, with the object of weaving the bond of sympathy between the Americas more firmly.

Emerson stood at the bier of Longfellow, looked down at the dead face, and, after the funeral, said: "The gentleman we have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I forget his name." The gigantic brain of Emerson was gone, still the sympathetic fibre lived.

To be in accord with his subject, Charles Dickens visited Paris, trod the streets and boulevards, saw the Place de la Concorde, where "La Belle Guillotine" had stood, con-

sulted all available archives, and then wrote his "Tale of Two Cities," which, for a vivid description of the Reign of Terror, is second only to Mr. Carlisle's "French Revolution." Shakespeare makes Ulysses say, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and Burns tells us, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." These are perfected ideas of human sympathy, and how truly can we verify the last quotation in the martyred presidents of the United States!

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest
bark bay deep-mouthed welcome as we
draw near home:
'Tis sweet to know that there an eye will
mark
Our coming and look brighter when we
come."

The reason for this is because we are in harmony, in love, in sympathy with the members of the home circle.

If sympathy was paramount in the home, the divorce laws enacted would die of *ennui*.

If the parents were in harmony with each other and their offspring in sympathy with parents, no criminal statutes need grace our literature; yea, not even would there be terror in the Decalogue.

All human effort, intellectual power, astronomical science, mineral and vegetable growth is pervaded with some form of sympathy. It is the perfect law, and when rightly defined and utilized will cement all into one symmetrical whole, fulfilling the end as contemplated by the first great Origin.

The Old Fireplace

"A warmth from the past—from the ashes of by-gone years and the raked-up embers of long ago—will sometimes thaw the ice about our hearts."

—Hawthorne: Fire-Worship.

The Old Fireplace

Dame Fashion, the Juggernaut of civilization, is so assiduously courted by her devotees, that rarely you find a man with nerve and hardihood sufficient to throw off her chains, escape from her web, and assert his independence by instructing the architect to incorporate in his plans an old-fashioned open fireplace.

There is a frank, honest and inviting atmosphere in the environments of the old (out-of-date) fireplace, with its fire-dog sentinels, standing guard by day and vigil by night over the purity of the hearthstone.

The *lares, penates* and other household deities, which once graced the home and held council on the old hearth, are no more.

The sunbeam from without, and genial glow of the open fire from within, were essential to their existence; these being supplanted by heavy draperies excluding the

daylight, and stove, steam and hot-air arrangements shutting off the firelight, signed the death warrant of these tutelary comrades.

There are few homes to-day wherein can be found an old fireplace, with its swinging crane, and simmering, singing kettle accompanied by an orchestra of crickets with their fiddles; such a delightful scene and entertainment will live long in the memory of all who have sat around the old hearth, cracking hickory nuts, popping corn, or roasting apples, and often their mouths water for a "Johnny-cake" hot from the ashes.

Cinderellas and fairy god-mothers are no longer nurtured by the warmth of the old hearth; the evening pipe, the hum of spinning wheel, click of knitting needle, and air castle building in the light of flickering backlogs, are things of the past. They have been walled in with brick and mortar as literally and as effectually by the votaries of Madame Fashion, as was the paramour in the closet of Balzac's great story of "The Grande Breteche."

The requiem has been sung over the pyrotechnic display of myriad sparks chasing and jostling each other as they went scampering in their frolicsome flight up the chimney, and the cheerful ray, causing the andirons to cast soldier-like shadows, occupies the same winding sheet.

After a day of moil, what a satisfaction and relief to sit by the old fireplace, feel its warmth, and watch the smouldering embers while the good wife spread the cloth and prepared the evening meal; after which, the logs being replenished, the family gathered round this shrine and regaled one another with folk-lore until time to ask God's blessing and retire.

It must have been just such an assembly which inspired Burns for his "Cotter's Saturday Night;" nothing short of a similar picture could have done it.

Desiring to be fair to present methods, I freely admit the atmosphere of the room just referred to was not as hot, sultry and fetid as the modern drawing room; but it was comfortable, and the occupants

breathed plenty of unused oxygen, leaving them free from headache and lassitude, resulting in perfect health; hence a lively conception of the duties of true manhood and pure womanhood.

The open fireplace had the faculty of producing *mens sana in copore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body—which statement is attested by all who have kept from under the wheels of the Juggernaut car first mentioned, and held on to the open fire.

We live in an age of invention, improvement and advancement; still, I gravely doubt the wisdom which prompted the abolition of the old fireplace and its glowing hospitality.

The substitution of the coal grate did not violate every intelligent idea of hygiene, but all other appliances for heating retain hygienic principles in name only.

In 1845—over half a century ago—Mr. Hawthorne wrote his scathing essay, "Fire-Worship," giving his opinion of stoves, then coming into vogue, displacing the open fire. It would be excellent reading if some kin-

dred spirit would bring that essay down to date under present conditions.

The fireplace and roomy hearthstone, with blazing, crackling logs and flames climbing up the wide-mouthed chimney suggest primitive days, true; but without the ploughman and smell of the soil you will have to blot out Gray's "Elegy"—one of the most chaste and superb pieces of literature in the English language. Eliminate from literature pioneer life, and all reference to hunting dogs dreaming on the old hearthstone, the beatitudes of the old fireplace, and you have made a serious detraction.

The sturdy men who blazed the forest, cleared the land, fought the red-skins, and opened up this vast and glorious "Land of the free and home of the brave," undoubtedly found inspiration and strength from the old open fire, which helped them in the herculean task they had on hand and must overcome.

In the brilliant, tremulous flame the backwoodsman and pioneer read his horoscope

with truer results than could have been guessed at by astrologer or sibyl.

In the meteoric beams of light as they shot from freshly ignited slivers or burst from spots where a live coal had been fighting for an exit, and at last secured a swallow of oxygen, these men divined their path, and by meteoric feats of courage and steady, persistent battling, at last conquered the lonesomeness of the wilderness, danger of wild beasts, bloodthirstiness of savages and barrenness of soil; delivering to posterity the grandest country on earth, with the right earned to enunciate the above quotation.

Coming in contact with one of the few open fireplaces, still to be found in sparsely settled rural districts, far from towns and cities, is like an oasis to the traveler crossing the hot sands, being a blessing to all who come within reach of its gleam of welcome.

In the vicinity of an old fireplace you inhale an atmosphere of chivalry and nobility, causing the incarnation of a generous, warm-hearted gentleman, becoming the image of God, where before dwelt a cold, cal-

culating machine—simply an automaton, shaped in the form of man.

The twentieth century apparatus for heating our homes and cooking our dinners are about as cold and cheerless looking as the material from which they are made. And it is only a question of a very short time when all light and cheer in connection with either, will be tabooed and we will be using iron plates or some other device heated by an unseen electrical current, concentrated rays from the sun, or other caloric.

The amount of greed and selfishness which can be traced to the ostracizing of the open fire is incalculable. Stinginess and viciousness could not thrive in the glow of the burning logs, the bud of meanness was treated as *lese majeste* and blighted before it had fully taken shape. The warmth from back-wall penetrated the room and kept hearts free from *all for self*, and caused each who came within its magic circle to feel that he was his brother's keeper.

There was something wholesome, magnetic, in the room wherein was situate the

open fire and old mantel, adorned on either side with hearth broom, bellows, shovel and tongs, and on top with big pippins, sample ears of maize, pipe, tobacco, candle snuffers and knitting needles stuck through a partly finished stocking; the wall above decorated with bullet pouch, powder horn and rifle. Too, in this room the friendly company could be had of the old homestead clock, with its tick-tock, tick-tock, as it towered up in the corner, being not only a time keeper of minutes and hours, but a calendar of day and month, his jolly old face surmounted with the phasing of the man in the moon, waxing to waning and then to waxing again —a *multum in parvo,* clock calendar, almanac and companion.

The old fireplace gloried in generating domestic happiness with its bright, ruddy rays; in fact, the old open fire has offered up one continuous petition with its blazing logs, trying, ever since the brand was snatched from on high by Prometheus, to atone for the larceny by causing its cheery flame to give light, warmth and life; yet we

have corraled the brand and incased it in air-tight heaters and cellar furnaces to be devoured, just as Jupiter chained Prometheus and caused the vulture to consume his liver daily. Now the question: Who will be the Hercules to reinstate the open fireplace by releasing the unholy bands of Fashion?

Spare=ríbs

"Neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."—St. Matthew, chap. vii, v. 6.

Spare-ribs

When a mere lad an insane idea took possession of me that I would go into business on my own hook and become in a few months as flush of money as a bloated bondholder.

I had one dollar and thirty-five cents in cash, and knowing that my father was willing to honor a small overdraft on his pocketbook, the desire waxed fat. While skirmishing around and investigating the field of "How to get rich quickly" and "Money made easy," and sizing up with a Wall street broker's importance various schemes presenting profitable, dividend-paying investments, the tentacles of an hallucination reached out and drew me within range of siren notes, which represented that all the potato, apple, peach and other pealings, together with the refuse from dinner table and kitchen, in connection with swill and a due proportion of bran, could be transmuted into bright shekels.

Saturated with the conviction that I had at last found the Philosopher's Stone in this alchemic compound, I "hiked" myself to an honest (?) young farmer, who lived on the outskirts of the village, and after considerable dickering and stealthily acquiring information as to just how to feed swine so as to reap the greatest harvest and what remedies were most commonly used for mange, scurvy and cholera, I finally, while employed in stroking my beardless chin, assumed a business-like attitude and closed a deal for a long, lank, emaciated, cadaverous, withered anatomy he called a shote.

Verily I didn't know it at the time, but this selection proved to be my Scylla and Charybdis. I selected this specimen after matured deliberation for two very important considerations.

First, in looking at him I thought I saw the opportunity of my life to transform clover, grass, blighted roasting ears and vegetable tops into "daddy dollars." Indeed, he had the appearance of being badly

in need of oats, Mellin's food, birdseed and condition powders. He was, I conceived in a minute, the long sought for Alkahest or universal solvent; and

Second, he was blooded stock. This honest (?) young farmer guaranteed him to be a thoroughbred Poland-China, Buff Cochin, Merino, Durham or Clydesdale; at this moment I do not recall the particular breed. However, long ere his swineship and I dissolved partnership (and to my sorrow the old co-partnership story of experience and capital changing hands had been verified in my case), I found that my rustic had double-discounted Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" in subtle deception; for ways that were dark and tricks that were vain, this hayseed was very peculiar, regarding the pedigree and possibilities of my future gold mine. Owing to the fact that my stock in trade turned out to be of the Arkansas elm-peeler and razor-back breed, principally more of one blood than the other, he being so chameleon-like in taste and ambition and so unaccom-

modating I could never analyze him sufficiently to ascertain which predominated.

I have seen men who were so wishy-washy, mealy-mouthed and vacillating that you never knew where to find them on any question, be the query one of politics, religion, public improvement, national or municipal administration, or anything else. Such nonentities are plentiful.

Not so with the quadruped out of which I expected to lay the foundation of a multi-millionaire. He was anything but vacillating; that was on my side of the sty, not his. He was positive, deliberate, determined and always had his way and headed the dress parade procession on boulevard *de cussedness* seven days a week. Apropos of these weaklings—labelled men—just mentioned, every municipality has its full quota; they are too weak and too cowardly to be permitted the right of franchise or to commingle with decent men and women, yet these creatures are patted on the back and made to believe they are fine fellows—God's handiwork—at election times, and im-

pressed with a notion that the destinies of our republic depend upon such as they. At no other season or place do such cattle ever "cut any ice," excepting always in their homes, where, ten chances to one, they buffet and kick their poor little offspring and swagger and yell in a basso profundo voice at the woman they promised to keep in sickness and distress; and by all the gods and little fishes they *do keep her in sickness and distress,* as shown by the police court records, where, morning after morning, they are arraigned for wife beating, and by actions pending on every civil court docket in the state for non-support. Such vermin should have been thrown in the Ganges in their infancy.

The brute I bought, taken as a whole, was superior to this type of the human race, yet, I will vouch for the pig we have under discussion as being the orneriest of the swine creation, a "sorter" Nero and Beelzebub combined. He could have graced the highest throne in inferno and made old Pluto look and feel like thirty cents. Holy smoke!

how this ant-eater snouted, Belgian-eared, evil-eyed, cloven-hoofed, concentrated, double-distilled extract of devil and pig could squeal, snort, rip, tear and root. He was alone in his class and would have been a great subject for a side-show banner.

As before stated, I closed the bargain with this son of Abel, who agreed to weigh his pigship and deliver him next day in town. This son of Ananias in due time arrived and dropped my pig from a cage fastened on his wagon into his new quarters, which were to be his future home, as I anticipated, until I had him, by kind treatment, luxuriant bedding and excellent provender, showing the rotundity of a trust magnate and tipping the beam at somewhere near four hundred and fifty, avoirdupois.

The bill was then presented by the vendor calling for 106 pounds, at $7.00 per cwt., making item one $7.42. He was, I will always believe, weighed by apothecary or troy weight, and then only after he had been chloroformed. He never could have been made to stand on an open Fairbanks plat-

form scale like any other of the *sus* specie. It dawned on me finally that the fellow who formerly held title to my pig had buncoed me out of 424 ounces of pork, equivalent to twenty-six and one-half pounds, avoirdupois, by his adoption of a weight system containing scruples—no, not scruples; he had none. Everybody knows that all live stock is weighed with a sixteen-ounce-to-the-pound scale; this rural genius used a twelve-ounce. Of course the butcher's hand is always "weighed in the balance and found wanting" when you open your package of meat at home, but this, by universal custom and common consent, has become what is termed in law an easement, from the use of which he can not be deprived; and again, in selling you the weight of his hand it does not reach the enormous tonnage of twenty-six and a half pounds at any one purchase; hence you do not feel the full force of the shortage.

Be that as it may, you have Item One, $7.42.

The first item of expense, in point of time, really was the carpenter for labor and mate-

rial furnished in getting ready for his highness, viz.: Trough, $1.75; fixing gang-plank from parlor to play ground (you are hereby informed that the subject of my investment had apartments, an ordinary sty, and this inclined plane led to his parlors in an old log barn, which also served for sleeping apartments), 50 cents; building outside pen, $3.40; fixing floor in parlor and inserting sliding door between parlor and the cold outside world, 50 cents; making a total of $7.15. This, then, is Item Two.

When Mr. Pig had "mozied" around and surveyed every nook and corner of the premises he grunted a grunt that I thought was one of satisfaction and contentment. In this I was mistaken—as I was throughout the game; the farmer dealt me a hand from a "cold deck"—he very sedately walked over to one corner of the parlor, stuck his snout in a crack, making a breech of such dimensions that I was sure my father's barn was a goner. I suppose he did this because I had employed a non-union carpenter. The responsibility thus shifted upon one or two

logs was such as to remind me of the boy's definition of that word—responsibility—when asked by his teacher; he said he could give an illustration, which he did, by saying that if a man was going up street and all the buttons on his trousers to which his suspenders were attached should come off, except one in front and one behind, those two would represent responsibility. A neighbor's boy was sent post haste for a saw and hatchet manipulator, who consumed several hours in closing the breech, for which he received $1.60, giving us Item Three, $1.60. The entry was made, although with some fear and trepidation. You see I had to borrow $6.17 from my father to take up Item One. (I had invested ten cents of my $1.35 for soda water and peanuts the day of my purchase by way of celebrating the event.) Then add to this $7.15 carpenter and $1.60 carpenter, and you have $14.92, all of which was an overdraft, to be covered by increase of pig, and I did not feel that much more could be added or my profits would all be consumed in running expenses, leaving the

net gain marked in the form of a goose egg, thus—O.

For several days my piggie seemed to have the blues and was downhearted and quite homesick. I felt sorry for him, realizing that he had been brought from the open field and shady wood; had been used to outdoor exercise; a diet of beech nuts, acorns and other mast, and had regaled himself rhythmically rooting to sylvan airs as they floated from the pipes of Pan, and placed in a strange home.

One night this subdued mood changed and an orgy was held on our back lot unsurpassed in the annals of bacchanalian tradition. It must have been demonstrative. No one saw it; no one had the temerity to open a shutter of a house in our neighborhood until daylight, and the inference that my pig was of Irish descent and had been chairman of a wake the night before, was drawn from the wreckage of trough, pen, parlor, sliding door and gang plank in evidence the next morning. My pig was still there in the corner, looking as demure and coy as a blushing

maiden. My heart failed me. I felt the burning tears ready to gush, when, by a superhuman effort, I threw off childishness and began to say to myself "Aren't you a speculator? Isn't that pig your property?" and as "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady" was written for just such critical stages in a man's life, I braced up and went to work to repair the damage. When the occupant had endured the pounding and sawing as long as he deemed proper, he went for me, and then we had it in great shape. The rounds were short, sharp and rapid. I came out of the scrap victorious, that is, I saved my life, but minus a pants leg and hatchet. The life is here to relate the incident; the pants leg was ruined for future service, and the hatchet was afterward recovered by the exercise of ingenuity and a snare made on the principle of a hangman's noose.

For several months things went along with more or less friction—more always being a neck ahead—and repairing of pen and trough, his pet amusement being to root the trough from its moorings; turn it upside

down and land it on the farthest side of his apartments; railroad spikes would not hold it, and every day my life was in jeopardy towing it in position for my wealth-producing Alembic.

This baby of mine had a disposition as contrary and obstinate as the disposition of the eleven stubborn jurors, who refuse at every court term to agree with the twelfth.

To say he was blase is putting it gently; he had long since taken his degree as past master and had been installed in a higher office.

I carried him hundreds and hundreds of pails of the richest swill a hog ever stuck his snout in, and he managed to have capacity for it all and squealed for more. I bought and had charged to my father's account corn during this animal's captivity amounting to $17.55, Item Four. I should say here, I received a discount on this item, as it really figured up more.

Permit me to digress long enough to say: Throughout all these months of trials, tribu-

lation, sorrow, misery, woe, anxiety and constant fear of bodily injury or death, my father stood by me "like a brother." His staying qualities, the grit he displayed, and the strain on his credulity relative to the profits to be indulged in by me some day, showed greater confidence than that canard concerning Damon and Pythias. Reverting to my feeding this hog, *nee* pig, he had one redeeming trait and that was, he tried to get fat. He tried hard, and even would gorge himself to assist me in developing my dream of riches. He ate all the time; ate everything in sight; ate more than any hog ever had before or since; digested and assimilated every pennyweight of my alchemic composition, and yet could never grow an aldermanic stomach, save for a few minutes after having swiped up three or four buckets of slop and a half bushel of corn. I have been told, and I believe it is even now generally conceded, that forty days feeding of a peck of corn a day would produce a fat hog. I had read in II Corinthians, chapter ix, at verse 6,

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully."

Having been taught that this pupil of Gamaliel was O. K., and believing in the wisdom and integrity of anything Paul wrote, I fed my pig for over eighty days two pecks of corn a day, and still he did not develop into anything you could call fat, or any other term which would convey the approach of sausage, bacon or lard. At the end of that time his piggie form had changed; he was larger, but it was simply in height and length, and the stretching out in both directions had made him so thin that you could count his ribs or locate the wad of grass, corn or watermelon rinds without the intervention of an X-ray machine.

Knowing him as I did, I think this frail consumptive condition (for he was a sure enough consumer) was brought about by his nervous, erratic temperament. Too, his constitutional irascibility and laying awake o' nights planning deviltry—this being his long suit—with loss of sleep and mental strain,

was not conducive to flesh; then the numerous tilts we had made him muscular and agile, but not fleshy. He got, by practice, so expert he could stand on his hind legs and knock off the top board of his sty with the adeptness of a trained prize fighter. That fellow actually would have made Barnum more money, if properly handled and advertised, than the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, the Chinese giant Chang, the Lilliputian Tom Thumb, or his $20,000 talking machine.

The fight between St. George and the dragon was a side show, a mere bagatelle, as frivolous as pillow-dex, ping-pong, or parlor croquet, to the daily performance between the writer of this sketch and his protege.

It is said, "The way of the transgressor is hard"—on the victim. In the vernacular of the Katzenjammers, "I in the neck got it," being the victim when I purchased my pig, but retribution "is caming" to the galoot who took from me the $7.42, Item One, and gave me in exchange the only hog which escaped being choked when driven in the sea

about twenty centuries ago. You remember in the Gospel of St. Mark, he says, "There was *about* two thousand;" the exact figures should have been given, which was one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine, this pig being the ABOUT, he having escaped, causing Mark the uncertainty in his estimate.

My experience, however, was an educator. Up to this time I did not know the value of the word waste, nor the various ways the word could enter into my affairs and the affairs of my family. To illustrate meagrely how my attention was called to this monosyllable: My hog wasted away, or, at least, never filled out like other hogs did; this being true, my forty bushels of corn was wasted; the carpenters' work and material was wasted, so far as I was profited; my father's money was wasted, because as soon as I got scared I inveigled him into assuming all the shares of stock in my enterprise; the hot words this hog's action propagated (when my father was not around) were wasted, owing to his ignorance of a sailor's vocabulary; all my pounding, coaxing, male-

dictions and prayers were wasted; in fact, from the time I "hiked out" of town to see my honest (?) farmer up to the time his bristles lost their identity behind the stanchions of the packing house, my life was worse than a blank. My days were days of real solicitation as to whether or not I could ever play even, and my nights were filled with dreams of battles and narrow escapes. De Quincey must have had some such restless hours which furnished him material for his "Confessions."

At last the omega came. The season of watermelons, vegetables and fruit had closed, and corn was on the jump, higher and higher every day, and my hog was being metamorphosed into a white elephant.

Horse sense told me if I did not want to pawn my clothes and put a mortgage on the object which had taken all my time, strength and money, I had better dispose of him.

Whereupon, I employed a sturdy German boy for fifty cents, Item Five, to help me drive my charge to the porking house shambles, situate about one and one-half miles

from where his hogship resided. We consumed nearly a day and another fifty cents. Item Six, given a negro to assist us. And after many ups and downs delivered him to the weigher, who checked him off; did some figuring and gave me a slip of paper calling for $11.80. This, my reader, was to cover all the items hereinbefore mentioned, and leave me the corner-stone of my wealth. The smallness of the sum written on that slip nearly caused heart failure, but I managed to gulp down about 'steen sobs every step, and finally cashed the slip at the cashier's window.

Now let me recapitulate:

Item 1—hog	$ 7.42
Item 2—carpenter	7.15
Item 3—more carpenter	1.60
Item 4—corn	17.55
Item 5—white boy	.50
Item 6—black boy	.50
Total expended	$34.72

I forgot to add I ruined a buggy whip. 1.25

Making the true cost of this hog..$35.97
I did not count the bran [that was given to me], nor all the labor involved in feeding. I received cash.. 11.80

Leaving me "in the hole".....$24.17

This was in dollars and cents. In addition nearly lost my life a score of times, broken down in health from mental worry, and physically wrecked from too strenuous a life as the outcome.

It never rains without pouring. I bought a suit of clothes, tagged Middlesex blue, for $9.00, a straw hat for $1.00, and had $1.80 left to the good. After togging myself out in a "biled" shirt, donning my Middlesex blue and new head gear, I attended a championship base ball game between the home team of Red Stockings and the visiting Rovers. All nature was smiling when I started, but it rained (it always rains on base ball championship games), and then smiled again. The rain softened my hat so that it drooped,

giving me the appearance of a horse with pink-eye; the sun shone so hot and bright immediately after the shower that all the Middlesex blue was drawn out of the shoulders and back of my coat, causing it to resemble the one given poor Joseph by his brothers.

I wish I possessed the ability to write this hog's obituary, following the same lines as did Petroleum V. Nasby, in his "The Truthful Resolver."

I was born and baptized a gentile, and so remained until my experience with this four-legged monster, fake, swindle and nightmare, at which time I became, and am now, an apostate to my own religion and a proselyte to Judaism whenever the subject of pork is broached. Those old Hebrews who tabooed swine have had, have, and will have, my moral support in keeping this quadruped at the head of the boycott list. Not even Charles Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig" can cause me to waver for an instant in my respect for the law of the Israelites on this subject. And if you stop and think you will

remember Lamb got the "copy" for his essay from the John Chinaman, who also eats rats, cats and puppies. No, thank you, no more pigs for me. I do not trot in that class. I know when I have had enough.

The Passing of the Old Mill

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view thy fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers."

—Rogers: Pleasures of Mem.

The Passing of the Old Mill

"I would sing about the wonders
Of the golden age ahead;
But my heart is filled with music
Of the days that now are dead.

And an image keeps intruding
On the mirror of my mind,
And I see the dear old visions
Of the years that lie behind."

This was caused by seeing a picture of an old mill with its dripping overshot wheel and broken-down dam. The picture produced a vision of the old mill as it stood in my youth. I use the term old, advisedly, because mills propelled by water power never had a callow day; they were born aged, always surrounded with an atmosphere of antiquity and at no time without moss-covered roofs, indicia of seniority. They are all old.

Who ever saw a new water-power mill? While the vision called forth by the picture remains

"Let me sing a song of sunshine,
As it used to seem to glow
O'er the green old hills and valleys
In the summers long ago.

When all nature was a poem,
And it had no need of words;
When our souls within were singing
With the chorus of the birds."

Recollections jostle each other of how in spring and autumn the small boy followed the meandering streams, peeping through the undergrowth of willows for an inviting pool in which to cast his line, or sat straddle of an old sycamore overhanging a known and tried fishing ground, invariably ending his discursion by planting himself and courting contentment on the old mill dam. Here, with bare feet dangling over the edge and a tempting bait having been tossed to the finny tribe, he would be lulled into day

dreams by the rumbling mill and tumbling waters, and contemplate the monotonous swaying of his bright colored bob while he beholds an imaginary string of fish. All boys have been disciples of Izaak Walton.

Beyond the picture, urchins can be seen in the heat of summer, sporting like dolphins in the back waters of the dam, until from exposure to the sun's hot rays it became necessary to have mother apply rich cream to blistered shoulders. What boy has not experienced the cooling properties of cream on a sun-burned back?

The vision contains the winter scene, when the same stretch of water had congealed into the smoothness and almost hardness of crystal. Above the old dam there is to be found ample room, with a pair of skates, to spread the eagle, cut a figure eight, front and back circles, to say nothing of the Dutch roll, base and pole. And the skates of that day! There was sufficient iron in the blades of the old "turn-up" brand of skate to have shod a sled; then the boy, struggling with knife and gimlet to extract pebbles from holes in boot heels

previously prepared, ere recognition was given the screw, after which came the adjustment of a yard or more of strap twined around toe and instep, made taut in divers places by the insertion of sticks of wood—cutting off the circulation of blood as effectively as a Spanish garrote. The usual wind-up of these days of recreation was the appeal again to mother, this time to bring into requisition mutton tallow for ankles minus skin and chunks of flesh caused by the vicious gouging of twisted boot counters. But to return to the mill. What a calm would come over one, what a soothing and forgetfulness of worry and care while lounging in the old mill window gazing at the waters hastening over the dam; the fall, foam and spray was a veritable miniature Niagara. Back of him the old perpendicular saw—in wooden frame—eating and crunching its way through huge logs or burrs in operation, grinding, powdering and pulverizing grain, producing enough noise and commotion to have waked the seven sleepers; still, amid it all, his attention was riveted on the boil-

ing, turbulent waters at the foot of the dam, oblivious to sound of saw blazing a pathway or whirr of upper and nether stone reducing cereals to flour and meal.

Across the creek song birds piped for him while he watched for mermaids to arise and comb their tresses for his entertainment, or an Undine to appear and salute him by wafting a kiss; he dreamed of the years to come and builded air castles which have, one by one, gone down, together with the old mill.

"So forgive me if I linger
In the byways of the Past;
If on Recollection's pictures
One last, lingering look is cast.
We will sing the songs to-morrow
Of the golden age ahead,
But to-night I hear the music
Of the days that now are dead."

There is a tinge of sadness in the passing of these venerable and picturesque mills. The ugliness of to-day's commercialism causes one to think another beatitude should be added to our present eight and run as

follows: "Blessed are they who have seen the old water-power mill, for theirs shall be a sweet recollection." Tradition and picture is all that is left to our children. The prosaic, business-like environment of the present furnishes nothing so poetic and grateful to the eye, nothing calling out the refinement born in all mankind like the old mill as it stood in the primitive days.

The boy then knew not the import of

"The mill will never grind with the water that is passed;"

but how vividly in retrospection does he realize wasted opportunities and the thousand and one things he might have achieved, lost to him now. Too late he appreciates there can be no utilization of "the water that is passed." Query: With the years of experience and the knowledge of past laches, should the full import now be presented of "The mill will never grind with the water that is passed," would man grasp opportunities and be greater or better? I doubt it. A few might lay hold of the situation and

profit; but I surmise the multiplied temptations, products of the growth of present enlightenment, would more than offset his acquired knowledge, and the net result be even worse. Is a surmise that all is for the best, optimism? I think so, and also believe the optimist has the only legitimate claim to wisdom, because of being attuned to a cheerful view of life and thus believing all things are for the best, thinks with the Calvinist: "What is to be, will be, whether it ever comes to pass or not."

What a contrast we find in the miserable pessimistic holding of the iconoclast, who gloats in tearing down our idols and who refuses to let the dead bury their dead, but finds delight—a fiendish delight—in demolishing the sentiments belonging to ye olden times. How different is

"My hair is gray; the years have set
Their signet on my brow,
But must I in old age forget
The little children now?"

sang by an Ohio bard! The thought is as true and sentiment as strong of cherished

things of yore as of the prattling babes of the poem.

The old mill is a large creditor of literature. How could we do without the "Mill Pond Nix;" the beautiful daughters of mill owners making this a trysting place with country lads or being carried off by gallant knights on chargers of purest white; of bold robbers raiding from this rendezvous; of ghosts and goblin tales galore; of the weird home of bats and owls, and many other stories of this character? All old things are not lovely, but, among those that are, the mill retains a halo of glory.

There is something pathetic in the thought of how, when the old mill was *in esse,* the serpentine channels of our creeks showed the water deep and abundant the year round; in this, the morning of the twentieth century, the steady-flowing creek of old is a mere shadow of its former self, reduced to a thread, and in many places the bed indicating no moisture at all. This was brought about by wanton waste of magnificent timber. The hillsides have been stripped

of the woods which sheltered the soil, which in turn stored the moisture and regulated the supply, keeping alive during all seasons the springs and rivulets to feed the larger streams. To-day the rains fall as then, but instead of saturating the earth and gradually producing enough moisture to keep nature in poise, the water rushes down to dry creeks, soon to become roaring torrents, carrying destruction before and leaving devastation and wreckage behind.

Thanks to thoughtful men, this vandalism of our trees is being stopped by legislation. However, several generations will come and go before forests will again dot our country and the streams renew their freshness and beauty of yore and the boy find limpid waters in which to toss his fly. Our friend the old mill has gone forever, leaving pleasant memories, and when we, too, shall have passed away, may we leave to our children memories as refreshing and pure, charged with goodness and godliness. So much for the thoughts indulged in upon seeing the picture of an old mill.

Wonderland

"Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?"
—Keats: Addressed to Haydon.

Wonderland

Come along, come along; everybody come along with me, and visit wonderland—a wonderland of fact; a wonderland of startling revelations; a wonderland which could have been made the site of "The Adventures of Alice;" a wonderland as interesting in its novel features as any clime of mythological lore; a wonderland where all laws familiar to man in geology and mineralogy have been set at naught—where mammoth caves and caverns exist, entrancing in their fairy-like appointments of glittering council chambers, exquisite grottoes decorated with glistening stalagmites and stalactites—where gold, silver and other precious metals are found in formations in direct violation of all known science relative to ore-bearing rock; a "neck of the woods" of which one moiety was procured from Napoleon Bonaparte, and the other from the descendants of Montezuma; where the climate of both temper-

ate and frigid zone exists in the same latitude; where mirages stand cities upside down, and poise mountains on their apices; where the magicians (brain and muscle) have out-Aladdined Aladdin in the production of palatial homes, equipped with comforts, conveniences and luxuries the tailor's wayward son and his genii never dreamed of. Where the shades of Vulcan and Prometheus would hide their faces in very shame at their ignorance, should they behold the titanic blast furnaces, smelting and steel plants; where a rattlesnake, owl and prairie dog occupy the same apartment in loving harmony; where perpetual snow and Italian skies abide, and while golden harvests are being garnered in the valleys, the avalanche is tearing, with the fury of a legion of fiends, a path down the mountain side; where the cowboy oft is found scanning the "London Lancet" and "Paris Figaro" for his light reading, but keeping in touch with his *alma mater* by hanging on to his Latin Horace and Greek Xenophon. Where the locomotive skips across chasms, skims up moun-

tain steeps and over passes, doubling on its track like a fox pursued, enters the bowels of the earth, only to reappear nearer the skies, and at night from the valley you see its cyclopean eye wink and blink like a living, breathing, reasoning demon as it dodges behind a bluff, snaps around a ledge, or whips out of a tunnel—apparently dashing helter-skelter in space—where two trains speeding along in the same direction and on the same continuous pair of rails, if one mile apart, will at one period indicate a head-end collision as inevitable and the next instant be running away from each other like two whipped curs, only to change positions and one meekly follow in the wake of the leader, soon to reverse the leadership; and thus railroads play tag in our wonderland. Where the awful hand of volcanic convulsion has left mirrored lakes far above the clouds, emptied mountains, and with their contents reared castles and fortresses, minareted and turreted, builded and sculptured monuments for the "Garden of the Gods," and other places which have stood

the test of time like the mute sentinels builded by the Pharaohs on the banks of the Nile. Where the shape of a cross is inlaid on the mountain side, formed of the beautiful snow, remaining there the year round, ever reminding us of Him who it typifies in its immaculate purity. A wonderland where the broken covenant of the Pilgrim Fathers, to the effect that all men should have the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, has been redeemed and religious tolerance permitted, from the subdued Quaker waiting for the spirit to move him, to the self-inflicted tortures of the demonstrative Flagellants. A land where the Indian's Manitou watches over healing waters—the veritable fountain sought by Ponce de Leon—giving strength to the weak, restoring health to the sick, and causing the cripple to throw away crutch and cane—in short, producing more miraculous and genuine cures each year than the famed Notre Dame de Lourdes has, since the water was discovered by the sick child Bernadetta, too, where, had De

Soto traveled farther to the northwest and Coronado farther northward, the former would have reached his El Dorado, and the latter his fabled Quivira, in either of the localities now known as Cripple Creek, Victor, Leadville, Aspen, Ouray or Silverton. Where yesterday the Indian, buffalo, elk, wolf, beaver and trapper held full sway, today the automobile and electric car glide over asphalt pavements, between business blocks towering aloft—hives peopled with a teeming commercial population, in direct communication with every bourse on the globe.

This is a glimpse of Colorado—our Wonderland—which one hundred years after the Declaration of Independence was signed, doffed its swaddling clothes, dropped the "Ty." from its signature, and entered into man's estate; unfurled to the breezes of heaven a standard emblazoned with *Nil sine numine*—(we are nothing without God)—as its motto, one of the grandest truths ever heralded on banner or uttered by man.

Pygmalion chiseled from ivory the figure of a woman, fell in love with it, hung earrings in its ears, strings of pearls around its neck, and prayed the gods for a wife like his ivory virgin. Venus heard his petition, and the image became a beautiful, living reality.

The frontiersman pushed out to the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountain chain, where Mr. Irving had said nothing could ever be grown, terming it the American Desert; but these pygmalions chiseled away, tilled the soil, planted grain, run irrigating ditches, and fell in love with the country. The sand dune, formerly under the dominion of soap-weed, cacti, buffalo-grass, antelope, jack-rabbits and gophers, has been transformed, so that it will and does produce anything, from the most delicate flower to the hardiest cereal or sturdiest tree. The most delicious cantelopes and watermelons in the world, found embedded in crushed ice on the tables of epicureans in our eastern municipalities, are grown not many leagues of where old Leather Stocking breathed his

last, and in the same country crossed by Francis Parkman, with Indians as guides.

Colorado, with its rarefied and dry atmosphere surcharged with ozone, and almost continuous sunshine, puts forth a mortal enemy to that dread disease, consumption, staying its horrible ravages, as soon as the patient places himself within its jurisdiction. It is superior in its subtile treatment in healing the wasted and shattered lung to all anti-toxins and lymphs prepared by Dr. Koch and his imitators.

In the Corcoran gallery in Washington, D. C., you wll find a small bust catalogued "The Veiled Nun." To pass it by with cursory attention you see nothing more than an ordinary bust; give it close scrutiny, and the features seem to be behind a veil; the meshes are so perfectly worked out by the skill of the sculptor that you feel confident you can insert your hand between the veil and face; yet, the whole is one solid block of marble; the remarkable value is appreciated only after this careful survey. So with Colorado—the tourists by the thousands pass over this

wonderland without knowing any more about it and its value than you would have known concerning the veiled nun by giving it casual notice. If they would evince a desire to examine into the resources of this commonwealth, they would find, as in the bust, a surprising picture. You may fence the "Centennial State," and enclose a civilization, numerically, as perfected in education and refinement as any to be found, with cities built of iron, steel, stone and brick inferior to none; elegant homes fitted with every up-to-date appliance, all being surrounded with superb scenery of vast plains, velvety parks, cloud-reaching mountains, endless chasms, gorges and canons as picturesque as you could wish; in fact, in magnitude and variety stands alone and unsurpassed by any spot on earth. Here you will find magnificent valleys teeming with the fat of the land; on every hand streams filled with speckled trout and other game fish. Every time you renew your research you will be impressed with new beauties and the new face of the landscape, causing you as much

anxiety to secure it all as it did the crazy caliph, Vathek, to decipher the ever-changing inscription on the sword.

The foothills are lavish in small game, and farther back, mountain sheep, wolves, wildcats, pumas, elks, bears and panthers abound. This is the hunter's paradise, sought by President Roosevelt for his hunt royal. At night you stretch your tired limbs before the campfire, and while the fire-brand tips the fir and spruce with golden hue, be entertained by the "music of the pines," under the direction of that prince of musicians, Aeolus, soothing you into the land of dreams, where I now leave you, *Adios.*

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